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SECOND YEAR

THE BEREAN

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PART IV



# CHRISTIAN LEADERS

## - INTERMEDIATE - - TEXT BOOK -



Prepared by

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Edited by

JOHN T. McFARLAND, D.D.

Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham  
New York: Eaton & Mains

## NOTE

At the beginning of the course of lessons for this year, we studied Jesus as the Leader of men. From those lessons we learned the secret of the power that Jesus exercised over the followers who lived in his own day. In the lessons that followed, we saw that the men who chose Jesus as their Master and Lord had a new and inspiring force in their lives. This force was the presence of Christ in their hearts.

To-day, as it has been throughout all the centuries, men look upon Jesus as their Leader. His followers have gone into every nation of the earth, inspired by the power that he gave to their lives. Wherever they have told of him, men have chosen to follow him and to give him the supreme place in their lives.

For the next few months we are to study the life of a modern follower of Jesus. There are many other followers who could have been chosen, but before we have studied many lessons we shall feel that it was right to select him from all the others.

We have not spent as much as three months upon any one of the characters previously studied, and we are not doing so now because Alexander Mackay is to be thought of as greater than the rest. It is that we may become really thoroughly acquainted with a typical hero of the kingdom of God. We want Alexander Mackay to be to us a real man whom we ourselves have watched at his work; we want to feel with him in his ambitions; and to sympathize with him when he is hard pressed; in a word, at the end of the quarter it is essential, not that we shall know what other people have said about Alexander Mackay, but that we shall feel that we know him and can give our own independent estimate of his character. Whatever of real spiritual helpfulness may come through this study will come through what we feel rather than through what the teacher feels for us. Studied in this spirit the life of Alexander Mackay may become a real inspiration to each of us to be a "sturdy Christian," as were the apostles of the New Testament times.

Intermediate Text Book

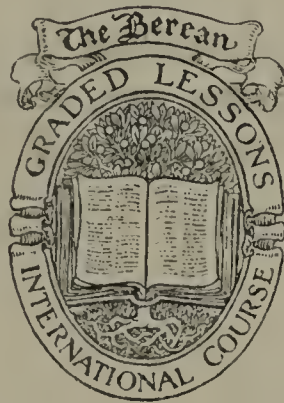
Second Year—Part IV

# Christian Leaders

V. Alexander Mackay—A Modern Christian  
Leader

Prepared by

SOPHIA LYON FAHS



THE BEREAN  
GRADED SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS  
INTERNATIONAL COURSE

Edited by John T. McFarland, D.D.

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## LESSON 40

### A NEWSPAPER MAN'S INTERVIEWS WITH A BLACK KING

Read Mark 12:28-34; Acts 16:6-10

One November day in 1875 the newsboys of London found quick sale for the Daily Telegraph. A seven-months-old letter from that newspaper's African correspondent was setting the city astir. Henry M. Stanley, who was thought to have been lost in Africa's jungles, had been heard from. Down under the equator he had been exploring a lake named for Queen Victoria.

With his large company of followers he had begun the voyage northward on Victoria Lake toward Uganda. One clear morning they spied on the far horizon a fleet of canoes approaching. Aboard were African oarsmen, better dressed than any other Negroes they had seen in all their journey.

The black sailors hailed the white captain and, when they were near enough to talk with each other, they told him of a strange dream the mother of their king had dreamed two nights before. She thought she saw on the lake a beautiful vessel having white wings like a bird. On board was a white man with wonderful large eyes and long black hair. The king, on hearing the dream, had sent these men to find the white man and to invite him to his court. Mr. Stanley could not do other than to follow his new guides to the northern shore of the lake, where lay their home country, the kingdom of Uganda.

A great surprise was in store for him when he landed. On the beach stood two thousand people, marshaled in two long parallel lines. Noisy salutes from numerous guns, the waving of bright-colored flags, the beating of tom-toms, and the blaring of trumpets, all combined to express their glad welcome. So many Africans, all neatly clad in long white robes, with their chiefs arrayed in rich scarlet gowns, made a spectacle new to Mr. Stanley. On his way to Uganda he had passed through the countries of twenty or more

African tribes, but the people were all savages, wearing little or nothing one could call clothes. These Waganda (for that is the name of the people of Uganda) seemed to him to be highly civilized.

When the day came for the white man to visit the king's court, Mr. Stanley with his large company marched along a broad, well-built road, inclosed by a neat fence of elephant grass, and leading to the top of a hill, where stood a high, dome-shaped grass hut. In the doorway of this royal palace stood the tall, slender figure of King Mutesa. His rich, red costume with gold embroidery was very becoming to his graceful, broad-shouldered figure and handsome dark face. Around him were grouped his chiefs or earls, who ruled his provinces, his prime minister, his chief judge, his commander-in-chief for the large army of black soldiers, and his grand admiral for the navy of canoes. To the white man, Mutesa seemed like some great Cæsar of Africa.

Mutesa and his people did not worship idols, for had one searched throughout the whole country of Uganda, he probably would not have found a single image. He would have seen, however, here and there under the shade of some tree or on the top of a mountain, little huts, where the Waganda went to sacrifice. The spirits to whom they sacrificed were supposed to live in trees, or on the mountains, or on the lake, or sometimes even in persons; and the Waganda thought they would do much harm unless presents were given to them. Tied to one of the little sacred huts or to a tree beside it might be seen some of these gifts walking around—several sheep or goats or cows. Peeping inside the hut, one might discover also a bunch of bananas or several skin bottles filled with *pombe*, which is a Uganda wine made from bananas. The ugly old man or woman who is guardian of the prayer hut keeps these gifts until the evil spirit is supposed to have taken all he wishes to eat; then the guardian gives himself a treat. So the poor Waganda used to pray, not of course because they loved the spirits, but because they were afraid of them.

There was another religion also, very different from this heathen spirit worship, about which Mutesa had heard a good deal. For about fifty years Arab merchants had been



coming into Uganda to trade calico, wire, beads, and various trinkets for native ivory and slaves.

"There is one true God," these merchants said, "and his greatest prophet is Mohammed." To Mutesa the stories they told of Mohammed seemed far more wonderful than the foolish tales he had heard of the evil spirits in Uganda. He began to wear the Mohammedan dress and turban, he taught his chiefs Mohammedan customs, and he kept the Mohammedan Sabbath. Thus Mr. Stanley found Mutesa half heathen and half Mohammedan, never having heard that to be a Christian was better than either.

One day at court some one asked Mr. Stanley to tell them of the white man's God. As he began Mr. Stanley noticed that the king and courtiers were listening more intently than ever before. On other days Mr. Stanley continued to talk on this same subject. His hearers appeared far more interested in what he said about Jesus than in any of the wonderful things he had told about civilized people.

When after some months it became known that Mr. Stanley was soon to leave the country, some one suggested that at least a few of the things the white man had said should be written down so that they would not be forgotten. By good fortune the king's chief drummer, and one of Mr. Stanley's boat boys, could together do the translating and writing. So, on thin polished boards of white wood, each about a foot square, they wrote the Ten Commandments and some of the best stories of the Bible, until the Waganda came to have a little library of board books.

One memorable day King Mutsea called to him his chiefs, the officers of his guard, and Mr. Stanley. When all were seated before him in his palace hut, Mutesa began to speak.

"When I became king," he said, "I delighted in shedding blood because I knew no better. When an Arab trader came, however, and taught me the Mohammedan religion, I gave up the example of my fathers, and beheadings became less frequent. No man can say that since that day he has seen Mutesa drunk with *pombe*. But there were a great many things I could not understand and some things which seemed very unreasonable; and no one in Uganda was able

to explain them to me. Now, God be thanked, a white man, Stamlee, has come to Uganda with a book older than the Koran [sacred book] of Mohammed. My boys have read out of it to me, and I find it is a great deal better than the book of Mohammed. Now I want you, my chiefs and soldiers, to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in *Isa* [Jesus] and *Musa* [Moses] or in Mohammed?"

One of the group, Chambarango by name, spoke up: "Let us take that which is the best."

Then Mutesa again addressed his chiefs: "Chambarango says, 'Let us take that which is best.' Listen to me. The Arabs and the white men behave exactly as they are taught in their books, do they not? The Arabs come here for ivory and slaves, and we have seen that they do not always speak the truth. I have not heard a white man tell a lie yet. The Arabs buy men of their own color and treat them badly, putting them in chains and beating them. The white men, when offered slaves, refuse them, saying: 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No; we are all sons of God.' What Arab would have refused slaves like these white men? When I think that the Arabs and the white men do as they are taught, I say that the white men are greatly superior to the Arabs, and I think, therefore, that their book must be a better book than Mohammed's. Now I ask you, shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

Seeing clearly just what the king wanted, they all answered, "We will take the white men's book."

Thus it was that Mutesa announced himself a follower of the Christ and the Christian's Book. He promised to build a church, and begged that other white men might come to teach him and his people about the good way.

"Stamlee," he said, "say to the white people, when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."

What newspaper man could keep such a story to himself? As a Christian, too, Mr. Stanley must be true to the king who had asked to be taught how to see. Imagine, then, the surprise in store for many in London when they found this story in a correspondent's letter to a daily newspaper:



"King Mutesa of Uganda," Mr. Stanley wrote, "has been asking me about the white man's God. Although I had not expected turning a missionary, for days I have been telling this black king all the Bible stories I know. So enthusiastic has he become that already he has determined to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Mohammedan Sabbath, and all his great captains have consented to follow his example. He has further caused the Ten Commandments as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' to be written on boards for his daily reading.

"O, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! Mutesa would give him anything that he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, and other things. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. It is the practical Christian, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, build dwellings, teach farming, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor.

"Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it!"

But the newspaper correspondent had asked a very hard thing. London folk had heard before of King Mutesa of Uganda. Two earlier travelers had described Mutesa as a cruel despot. If one of the king's chiefs failed to salute his majesty properly, his head was in danger. If his bark cloth dress was not tied over his right shoulder according to the proper fashion, Mutesa was likely to order the man to be put to death. Even the king's three or four hundred wives lived in daily fear of death by order of their master. Such was the king who wanted Christian teachers.

Then, too, the young men of England thought of the long and dangerous journey across a country with no railroads. They thought of the wild animals, of the deadly hot climate, and of the cannibal chiefs through whose countries they would pass. They pictured the loneliness of living so many months away from all their white friends and loved ones.

Moreover one man could not go alone. A number of men would have to be found who would go in a party. Thousands of dollars would be needed for traveling expenses alone. Was this undertaking worth all it might cost? What would come of Mr. Stanley's letter?

## LESSON 41

### WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE NEWS WAS READ

Read Matthew 25:14-30; 1 John 3:16; 4:19

In the office of the Church Missionary Society in London a small group of men read Mr. Stanley's newspaper letter. Unwilling to drop the matter carelessly, they locked the office doors and knelt together to ask the Father to tell them what he wanted them to do. Three days after Mr. Stanley's article was published a letter came with a promise to give £5,000 (about \$25,000), provided the committee would start a mission to Victoria Lake. After a week of prayer and study they decided that they would send letters to different newspapers asking for men and money. Soon another gift of £5,000 was made, and not many days later they found that £24,000 in all (\$120,000) was ready to be used!

These, however, were not the only letters which came to make them glad. Some were from men who had no money to give, but who wanted to give their lives. One was from a retired officer of the British navy, Lieutenant Smith. One was from an Irish architect, Mr. O'Neill; another, from a minister, the Rev. Mr. Wilson; another from Mr. Clark, an engineer; and another from Mr. William Robertson, an artisan; and still another from Dr. John Smith, a physician, of Edinburgh. All these the secretaries at the office said they would be glad to send. Another, however, a carpenter, Mr. James Robertson, they refused to send because of his poor health; but, having already sold out his business, he said he would go and pay his own expenses. These seven men, with one other, made up the party which, in answer to Stanley's appeal, sailed a few months later for Mutesa's land.

This other was the youngest of them all—a Scotchman named Alexander Mackay—who wrote from Germany, where he was serving as draughtsman for a large engineering company. One bitter cold night, during the Christmas holidays of 1875, while reading a copy of the Edinburgh Daily Re-



view, his eyes fell on the words, "Henry Wright, Honorary Secretary, Church Missionary Society." He had found one of the appeals sent out by the secretaries in London. Although it was after midnight Mr. Mackay wrote to Mr. Wright offering to go to Mutesa's kingdom.

By the end of April all the party had sailed. Friends, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and, for some, their wives and children, they might never see again. Yet their gladness was more than their sorrow. They believed that the heavenly Father was their leader. He had raised the money. He had called his workers and they were now going with him.

Five long weeks at sea! Then down by the equator on an island a few miles off the east coast of Africa, in the city of Zanzibar, the busiest seaport in East Africa, they landed.

But the kingdom of Mutesa lay about a thousand miles beyond. By foot or in African hammocks they must travel through a wild tropical country for a distance as great as from Washington to Chicago. Even then the next to the largest lake in all the world would separate them from Mutesa's land.

Before setting sail from Liverpool they had ordered books, clothing, medicines, hammers, nails, spades, saws, hatchets, axes, chisels, a forge and bellows, shovels, grindstones, a pump. These do not cover half the list. Perhaps the most unique articles were a printing-press, a magic lantern, a music-box, and a steam launch.

Much of the bulkiest baggage had to be purchased in Zanzibar. When it, too, was collected, the next problem was how to get it carried across the country to Mutesa's kingdom. Having nothing but crooked narrow trails for roadways, the missionaries would have to pick their way on foot single file, using black men as beasts of burden.

Now, even sturdy black baggage-carriers will not march with a burden on their heads weighing more than about sixty pounds. So all the white men's freight had to be repacked before it would be ready for the heads of the porters. Each bundle must be shaped into the form of a pillow-bolster, wrapped in cloth and tied with strong rope.

While some of the missionary band were busy packing supplies, others were toiling at perhaps the hardest work of all. Trudging from hut to hut in the Negro quarter of



Zanzibar, they were hiring baggage-carriers. Others, having crossed the channel to the mainland, were plodding about from village to village working at the same trying task; for as many as five hundred porters were needed. For many weeks this search dragged along. Finally, it was decided to divide the party into four caravans, so that some could begin the march before all the baggage-carriers were found.

Two of the caravans had not yet started when the "angel of death" visited the camp. "Within six months you will probably hear that one of us is dead," Mr. Mackay had said before leaving England. Within four months a grave was dug for the body of James Robertson, the carpenter, who had gone with the party at his own expense. He had given his life for a king and a people he had never seen.

The next to the last caravan to leave the coast was Mr. Mackay's. Crowds of people from the town of Bagamoyo flocked to see the white man and his procession file out of the village. A bugle call had summoned those hired for the journey to gather before the white man's quarters. A man's load was given to each carrier and his place in the procession assigned. It was an interesting sight to watch, for they stretched along the path for about a quarter of a mile.

Talking, laughing, and singing, the long line wound here and there through the tall jungle grass, down some little valley or up a tiny hill. But the sun shone hot above them, pouring down its never-ending, exhausting heat. The orderly line grew irregular. Some straggled behind, blaming Mr. Mackay for their discomfort. Those accustomed to march walked steadily on toward a river about three miles distant, where they knew they could rest, but some of the inexperienced ones were already lying flat on the ground crying for water and bewailing that they had ever left their homes.

During the first few days the men insisted on marching only an hour or two in the morning and on resting all the next day. By promising higher wages if they would march longer each day, Mr. Mackay succeeded in getting them to march from sunrise, or soon after, until about noon. Sometimes they pushed their way through fields of grass as tall as themselves and having stalks almost as thick as sugarcane. Every now and then they were startled by a hippo-

potamus or an antelope scared from its hiding-place in the heavy grass.

Starting off again, they came to a swamp more beautiful to look at than to wade through. It was filled with large graceful ferns and beautiful pink flowers and at night was alive with fireflies. They also passed through fields of millet growing to a height of sixteen or eighteen feet. At another place they were refreshed by the cool shade of a park-like forest. The giant cacti and euphorbia trees made it seem very different from the woodlands at home. Sometimes, with ax and hatchet, foot by foot they had to slash a wider path in front of them before the donkeys could wedge their way between the two walls of underbrush on either side.

Finding drinking water was sometimes the hardest problem. More than once the caravan was obliged to set up camp and, with empty water-bottles, to walk forth in search of something with which to quench their thirst. When no spring could be found, the natives would dig holes in the ground, which would usually fill with a muddy looking liquid resembling soapsuds.

Through his attempt to hustle the slow-going African, Mr. Mackay overtaxed himself and was taken sick with the African fever. For a few days he was too weak to walk and was obliged to ride one of the donkeys that had been carrying baggage. At last, however, the feverish coast-plains were left behind. Gladly they climbed the mountains to the little town of Mpwapwa. In six weeks they had traveled only a little farther than from New York to Boston.

At Mpwapwa three of the missionary caravans met. For a few days the white men rested and talked over their adventures. Then two of the caravans were off again—made up of Dr. Smith, Mr. Mackay, and over three hundred baggage-carriers. By their first Sunday they overtook another of the caravans ahead, led by Lieutenant Smith.

For thirty or forty miles beyond them stretched a dreary plateau covered with a thick, low jungle. Not a human being lived in all this lonely region, and the caravan could find neither food nor water except what they carried with them in knapsacks and water-bottles. After days of this tiresome march they entered the wide, open land of Ugogo. Here



every few miles was a new village; and with every group of villages they found a new chief. Each chief insisted that to travel through his country was a privilege, and the white man would have to pay for it. This not only added a great deal of expense to caravan-travel, but also caused many annoying delays. A three days' camping privilege in the realm of one chief cost seventy bales of cloth, or about \$100.

On entering Ugogo, Mr. Mackay's fever had returned and for miles he had to be carried in a hammock. A good supply of water tempted him to stay longer in Ugogo, but he feared the added toll. What should he do? Just beyond lay twelve days of wilderness travel in which no water and no food were to be found, and the supply of provisions was very low. Hard as it was, Mr. Mackay yielded to the counsel of his friends and started on the return journey to the coast.

Lying in a hammock swung from the shoulders of two strong men, Mr. Mackay was carried back to the town of Mpwapwa over the path by which he had just come.

At one time he became so weak that he expected to die. Calling for a writing desk, he mixed an ink powder and commenced what he thought would be his last letter on earth. But during the night a change for the better came. Mr. Mackay said a bunch of home letters had been his best medicine. During the next eleven days he walked the entire distance from Mpwapwa to the coast, and on reaching Zanzibar he was almost a well man.

It was now the last of November, 1876. One year had passed since Mr. Stanley's letter had appeared in the Daily Telegraph. A band of eight young men from Great Britain had started for Mutesa's land. One had laid down his life at the very gateway of the continent. One, having started inland, had been stricken with fever and was obliged to begin the march anew. One had settled at Mpwapwa to start a mission there. The other five, with their hundreds of black carriers, were plodding along through jungle and swamp and over mountain and plain toward Victoria Lake.

But what of King Mutesa? Since "Stamlee" left no word had come from the white men. Were they going to leave him "sitting in darkness"? When would they ever come to teach him "how to see"?



## LESSON 42

### JUNGLE ROADS, OX-CARTS, AND FLY BITES

Read Luke 9:62; 2 Timothy 2:3; Philippians 4:10-20

Weary as Mr. Mackay was of this snail-like way of traveling, he set to work immediately to prepare for a second caravan journey. A letter from England, however, changed his plans. The secretaries there, having heard of Mackay's sickness, wrote that he must not begin the march into the interior until June when the rainy season would be over. In the meantime they said he might see what could be done about building a road to Mpwapwa.

First, however, supplies must be sent to those in the interior. The search for another band of baggage-carriers is again a story of desperate toil and hardship. The task dragged along for three months ere the caravan was started on its way toward Victoria Lake. The young missionary, however, who had gathered it was again helplessly ill with fever. Had it not been for the kind nursing of white friends in Zanzibar his life story would perhaps have ended here.

Six weeks later he was up once more and enthusiastic over building a road. Having hired forty black laborers, besides women, to carry loads and men to drive donkeys, he set up a camp about five miles from the coast on the top of a hill, a most desirable spot because it was high and exposed to fresh breezes from both the sea and the land.

Writing from this camp, he said: "I sit at present like Abraham in his tent door. My servants, my flocks, and my herds are about me. My horse, my dog, my goat, my oxen, and donkeys, with all my household of nearly seventy men and women, are enough to feed and to look after at one time. My working gang consists of only about forty men, and these I have armed with the best American axes, English hatchets, picks, and spades, and saws. All these tools are as new to them as they are to the natives of the villages we pass through. A two-foot grindstone which I have mounted on a

wooden frame is more serviceable than all my other tools put together. Every evening, when we return from work in time, the edges of the tools are applied to the face of this wonderful machine, while the curious villagers crowd around."

During the morning hours the gang would be busy with axes, saws, and shovels. In the open and level country, men would be scattered here and there over the trails, each clearing and leveling his own particular stretch of the road.

In the dense forests, on the other hand, the men would be huddled together like colonies of ants, doing their hardest work. Where a narrow trail had before been cut through the forest the branches and hanging vines were so closely interlaced overhead that the traveler could scarcely get a glimpse of the blue sky, and would be walking, as it were, through a damp, leafy tunnel. To saw through a tree-trunk in such a tangled mass seldom meant that the tree would fall, unless the matted undergrowth were first slashed away.

Sometimes they shelved out a footing around the brow of a mountain; sometimes they had to cover swampy stretches with layers of logs. The greatest achievement was the building of a bridge in seven days. The ignorant black men had never before seen any kind of bridge for wagon traffic.

Days, weeks, and even months came and went. All the way black men slashed and sawed, and dug and leveled, while Mr. Mackay rode or walked back and forth among them, encouraging them to their best work. Ofttimes he showed them what to do and how to do it by taking shovel or pick in hand and leveling banks, or filling mud-holes. He provided their food, planned for their shelter, and cared for their sick. He longed to be able to talk their language that he might tell them of the God who cared for them and wanted them to live useful lives. Finally, after one hundred days of vigorous toil, the road was completed.

Before it was begun there was only a narrow trail stretching for the two hundred and thirty miles to Mpwapwa. When they finished the work there was a clear road all the way from the coast to the mountains and it was broad enough to allow the largest ox-carts to pass each other at any point.

When the road was completed Mr. Mackay and his men returned to the coast. "Now," he thought, "we are ready to



travel in a civilized way. We will buy oxen and carts for carrying our baggage and we will reach Mpwapwa in half the time it took us before."

Most enthusiastically he began preparations for the journey, but again he found that he had a difficult task before him. First, oxen which never had been hitched to carts had to be broken in and new hands taught to drive them.

Then, too, they were obliged to camp in a very unhealthy place. Up in his old camp on the hill many of the oxen died from the poisonous sting of the tsetse fly, and Mr. Mackay, with his men and flocks and herds, was obliged to move to the plain. For at least two months before they started on their journey it rained nearly every day and the training of oxen and men had to stop.

Waiting so long at the coast for the rainy season to pass, Mr. Mackay's men grew discontented and unruly and some of them deserted him. Also, Mr. Tytherleigh, his assistant, lately arrived from England, was laid low with fever. They must soon travel along or many others also would be sick.

In spite of the rain and mud, therefore, the long lumbering caravan moved out of the town. There were six large awkward carts loaded to the full with baggage. Teams of from eight to twenty oxen were pulling each cart. Many more oxen were taken as reserves to fill the places of those which might be injured or become sick on the road. In all there were as many as eighty oxen. To drive and to lead these animals and to manage the brakes on the carts required thirty men, and thirty more might have been seen carrying on their heads bundles of baggage.

After ten days of travel, Mr. Mackay tells this story of their adventures: "A long time without practice, on account of the rain and mud, had put the oxen out of trim, so that when we set off we were able to make only a few hundred yards' progress the first day. Next day more rain made matters worse, and we made not half a mile. I then resolved to remove four hundred pounds of baggage from each cart. After a couple of days' rearranging loads, we got a fair start, but another deluge of rain caused us to stop short at the foot of the hill where our old camp had been.

"After ten marching days, usually with double teams in



each cart, and wheels down to the axle in mud, we are camped to-day only ten miles from the coast. I have resolved to send back two of the larger carts with their loads."

About two weeks later (Christmas Day, 1877) he wrote again: "You should see me every day with clothes bespattered with mud and hands black like a chimney-sweep's catching the spokes of the wheels every now and then as they get into holes, and yelling at the top of my voice to the oxen, till the forest resounds. A team of twenty-six oxen, frequently spanned on in front of one cart, does need good shouting and lashing to get them to pull together. It is not walking with my umbrella or riding on a donkey behind a cart, but ever getting some one or other or all the carts out of this difficulty and the next. My men are constantly bringing the carts against trees or stones or into holes, not infrequently upsetting them altogether. It is hopeless, for instance, in trying to cross a river, to have one ox lie down, another run away, several with their faces to the cart, where their tails should be, and so on. One's patience gets tried by such occurrences, but the only way is patiently to arrange all and try again."

At one place the party were obliged to cross a river very much flooded by the recent rains. They could not wait for the water to recede, for thunder-storms were coming as frequently as ever. Cross it they must; but how to do it was a most difficult puzzle. This is the way Mackay solved it: One of the carts was stripped of its wheels and all other fittings so that when all the cracks were filled with tar it made a sort of small barge. A few excellent swimmers of the caravan carried a cord across the river. By means of this cord a rope was hauled across and passed around a strong post on the opposite side, and then brought back to the side on which the caravan was stationed. To this pulley the cart-barge was attached. By pulling the rope from one or the other bank the men carried the barge with its cargo of freight across the river, or brought it back empty.

One day the accidents were not confined to the carts or baggage, but Mr. Mackay himself was temporarily crippled. He had just succeeded in getting one of the carts over a stream when he became entangled in a bush and one of the wheels caught his right foot. He fell and the wheel ran

over both his legs. He nearly fainted from the shock; yet a little crude doctoring revived him considerably. Two of his men, putting their loads into the carts, carried him along in a hammock. However, it continued to be a day of troubles: for cart after cart upset. Then, too, sick as he was, Mr. Mackay was obliged to turn from patient to doctor; for the chief of a village near by, hearing of his arrival, sent to him seven of his subjects to be vaccinated and one little boy to be cured of spinal disease!

One morning the natives gave Mr. Mackay a unique surprise. Lo, his road had been changed into a field of growing corn. "We thought you white men had cleared this space for us that we might plant gardens," the natives explained.

In reality they were afraid that the great teams of oxen coming along the white man's road would soon be followed by vast European armies. In many places they blocked the road with bushes and trunks of trees; as soon as the cattle were safely across a river they drove them back to the other side, and became very angry when they saw the oxen tread down the corn planted on the track. Indeed, one chief sent word to Mr. Mackay that if he took his teams past the chief's village he would be shot.

Still one more misfortune came upon them, greater than all that have been mentioned. In many parts of the road the caravan was pestered by the tsetse flies. These were large brownish-yellow insects which, by thousands, stung both the men and the oxen. Although they seemed to bring little more than discomfort to the men, their sting was almost invariably fatal to the animals. When still some distance from Mpwapwa, half of the eighty oxen with which they started were dead, and many more were sick, and it was not many weeks before the surviving oxen became so few that the carts were abandoned entirely.

Thus the road had been built at the cost of nearly one third of a year's time. With much difficulty oxen had been trained and men taught to drive them. Carts had been brought all the way from India, and much money had been spent, and months of hard rough labor had been given to make travel by carts a success; but the little brown flies with their poisonous stings spoiled it all.



## LESSON 43

### THE KING HAS A CHANCE TO KEEP HIS PROMISE

Read Psalms 31:14; 62:5; 2 Corinthians 11:23-27;  
12:9, 10

What of the rest of the brave band who started together from England? A grave to be seen on a small island off the coast of Zanzibar told the story of one, and by the shores of Victoria Lake on a wooden slab, above a mound of earth, could have been read the name, "Dr. John Smith." Two more of the party had returned to England as invalids. While Mr. Mackay was still making the road to Mpwapwa, Lieutenant Smith, Mr. O'Neill, and Mr. Wilson were camping beside the far-reaching waters of Victoria Lake.

To these men tenting on the lake shore came two most cordial letters from the king they were so eager to see. Twice canoes appeared before their camps and guides came from Mutesa to escort them to his kingdom. Leaving Mr. O'Neill to guard their supplies and to repair the steam launch, two of the white men hastened to the northern shore of the lake.

It was about an hour after sunset on a June day in 1877 when their boats were anchored off a little Uganda village at the head of a beautiful bay. Soon some of Mutesa's chief men arrived to say that they must come to his palace with the escort the king had sent. A two days' walk brought them, at last, to Rubaga, the capital city, where they were shown to the huts made ready for them by the king's order.

The first day the king paid his respects by sending a rich present of cooking utensils, bananas, potatoes, sugar-cane, milk, *pombe*, venison, and firewood. Promptly at eight o'clock the following morning two of the chief officers of the king came to escort them to the palace.

The broad, straight road which led up to the royal hill, superb in itself, was made especially imposing by the tall fence of elephant grass inclosing it on either side. At the top of this hill stood Mutesa's palace.

As the white men neared the royal inclosure, a bugle an-



nounced their coming, the gates of the courts were opened one by one as the party approached, and quickly closed behind them as they passed. Two lines of white-robed soldiers made a lane through each court, each soldier carrying a gun. At last Lieutenant Smith and Mr. Wilson found themselves before the open door of the palace itself.

In the central hall sat all the chiefs of the country. Some were dressed in black, some were in white, and some in red; but all the costumes were of Arabian pattern. All the chiefs arose as the white men entered. The guests were conducted to the upper end of the hall, where, on a chair of white wood, sat his Majesty King Mutesa.

As the Englishmen approached Mutesa arose from his throne, shook hands with them, and then by a wave of the hand directed them to two stools near him which had been reserved for them. While the drums were beating all in the room feasted their eyes on the central figures of this reception at court. Then the king called upon the white men to speak.

Letters were then read from the Sultan of Zanzibar and from the Church Missionary Society in London. At the close of the reading the expressions of gladness seemed to have no bounds. The king, half rising from his chair, called his chief musician and ordered a more vigorous rejoicing. Drums were beaten, horns were blown, and all the assembly of chiefs were bowing their heads and clapping their hands, and saying again and again, "*Nyanzig*," "*Nyanzig*," "We thank you," "We thank you." The king asked his interpreter to tell the white men that what they saw and heard was all for the name of Jesus.

The next morning the missionaries had a second conversation with the king in the presence of all his chiefs and courtiers. For some reason Mutesa seemed suspicious of them and began to inquire about General Gordon of the English army in Egypt. He wanted the white men to make guns and gunpowder, at the same time confessing "My heart is not good." The missionaries told him that they could not make guns, and that if he did not wish them to stay, they would leave Uganda. Mutesa was silent, then asked: "What have you come for—to teach my people to read and write?"

"Yes," they replied, "and whatever useful arts we and those coming may know."

Then calling his interpreter, the king said: "Tell them now my heart is good; England is my friend. I have one hand in Uganda and the other in England."

When the missionaries reached their huts after the morning *baraza* (court) was over, there came to them a messenger from Mutesa saying that there was one more word which he wanted to say. Eager to know what this further message was, Lieutenant Smith and Mr. Wilson, in the afternoon, went a third time to the king's palace. They found him seated in a room with a few chiefs and one wife present.

He said: "There is one word I want to say to you. I was afraid to speak it this morning, for the Arabs were present. This is it: Did you bring 'The Book'? That is all I want."

They told him they had it in English and Arabic, and part of it in the language spoken at the coast, which Mutesa knew slightly, and they hoped soon to give it to him in Luganda (the language of Uganda).

Then Mutesa's heart was very good. He took the white men out into his palace grounds and showed them the beautiful views which could be had from various positions. He also pointed out two sites which he said he would give them, one for a mission house, the other for a school.

"When will they be built?" they asked.

"To-morrow my people shall go and bring wood." The king was as good as his word; the next day the work began.

Such a welcome was very encouraging. After a month's stay in the hut Mutesa had built for them, Lieutenant Smith said good-by to Mr. Wilson and started for the southern end of the lake to tell Mr. O'Neill how royally Mutesa had received them. He expected to help Mr. O'Neill launch the mission boat and pack supplies. Then together they would return to Uganda. But their hopes were never realized. While on one of the islands both Mr. Smith and Mr. O'Neill were heartlessly murdered by the natives. The terrible news was reported to Mr. Mackay when he was just recovering from another attack of fever.

Broken-hearted, yet believing in his God, he wrote to a friend at home: "Our good doctor, my own dear friend of



many years, went to his rest nine months ago, and now these brave brothers, Smith and O'Neill, have fallen. There were eight of us sent out—two invalided and four gone home! Only two remaining. Poor Africa! When will it become a Christian country at this rate? But God has other hands in reserve whom he will bring to the front and the work will go on whether we break down or not."

Since a wealthy Arab merchant had been murdered along with the missionaries, Mr. Mackay was afraid that the Arabs would take revenge on the king who had murdered them. Eager to prevent further bloodshed, he decided to hurry to the lake as fast as possible.

Bundles and bags were safely stored, and Mr. Tytherleigh was left to see that the best two of the carts, emptied of all freight, were dragged to Mpwapwa. Mackay himself sped forward as fast as possible. Five days of quick marching, wading and swimming through jungles, swamps, and rivers, brought him to Mpwapwa. A brief rest and he was again on a forced march, with only six men to carry outfit, food, and medicine. For three months he tramped through jungles, plodded along sandy deserts, and picked his way over stony stretches till his feet were blistered and bleeding. Every step was painful. Repeated attacks of fever reduced him almost to a skeleton. But on the evening of the thirteenth of June, he stood on the shore of Victoria Lake. At last his miserable marching was over, and he, too, could hope soon to present himself at the court of King Mutesa.

June passed, and July, and August. Indeed, it was not till November (1878) that Mr. Mackay entered the capital of Uganda. Two years and a half had passed since he had said good-by to his friends in the home-land. Two years and a half spent merely in traveling before he even saw the king who had asked Stanley to send him missionaries.

But Mutesa had not forgotten his request. For over a year Mr. Wilson had lived near his palace, and the black king had learned to like him. It was with enthusiasm that Mr. Wilson welcomed Mr. Mackay. Both felt Mutesa had really meant what he promised to Stanley.



## LESSON 44

### WHITE MEN AND BLACK MEN BECOME ACQUAINTED

Read Luke 3:7-17; 5:36; 2 Timothy 2:15

During the first few weeks after Mr. Mackay's arrival the white men lived near the royal hill; but because of the jealousy of the chiefs the king was obliged to have their quarters moved a mile and a half away, for according to custom the greatest chief should live nearest the palace. The Arabs, too, were jealous and had told the king that the white men would soon take his kingdom away from him.

Mutesa had given the white men almost two acres of land, and it was not long before a number of houses were built upon it. Within four months after Mr. Mackay's arrival, five missionary recruits from England reached the capital, making in all a party of seven missionaries. As homes for these several other huts were built. One man, a doctor, built a dispensary, where he might receive his patients. Mr. Mackay put up two workshops, where he might have a school of mechanics. A schoolhouse was King Mutesa's gift. An extensive garden was planted with vegetable seeds brought from England. Five hundred banana plants were set out, and the entire plot of land inclosed by a tall tiger-grass fence.

From the first Mackay became a special favorite of the king and chiefs because of the marvelous things he could make. Often his workshop was filled with chiefs and slaves together, who stood and gazed with curiosity as he toiled away with his tools. His blacksmith's forge and bellows and his turning-lathe were marvels unseen before in Uganda; and, as they saw him sharpen a knife on the revolving grindstone, they were as much puzzled as were those who had watched him when he was building his road.

In the evenings Mr. Mackay often delighted a company of natives with the marvels of the magic lantern. What mattered it to them that the chimney had been built of two biscuit cans, one placed on top of the other?

When Mr. Mackay's skill became widely known, miscellaneous articles for him to repair were heaped upon the bench in his workshop. Native-made steel hoes and hatchets were given him to temper. They said it was by means of witchcraft that he was able to put hardness into steel and then take it out again. Even when one day he rolled several logs up a hill great crowds following him, crying, "*Makay lubare! Makay lubare dala!*" ("Mackay is the great spirit; Mackay is truly the great spirit.")

On one occasion Mutesa asked to see a steam-engine. In the presence of the king Mr. Mackay took one apart. Mutesa burst out with one of his pretty sayings: "White men's wisdom comes from God. They see the human body is all in pieces—joints and limbs—and that is why they make such things in pieces too! How do white men come to know so much? Have they always known these things?"

"Once Englishmen were savages and knew nothing at all," answered Mackay, "but from the day we became Christians our knowledge has grown more and more, and every year we are wiser than we were before."

"I guess God will not prosper any man that does not please him," said the king.

"God is kind to all," Mackay answered; "but especially to those who love and fear him."

However, it did not satisfy Mr. Mackay to have the crowds look up to him as the great man who was able to make anything. His ambition was to gather pupils and to teach them to make useful things for their own people.

At first Mutesa would not allow anyone to be taught, neither did the men and boys wish to learn how to work, for in Uganda it was an honor for a man to be idle. In that tropical climate and rich country, little or no work needed to be done to obtain abundant crops of fruits and vegetables. What work was to be done was given to the slaves and the women. A "gentleman" in Uganda, therefore, had little to do but to order his slaves and wives about, and to attend the daily *baraza* of the king. That Mr. Mackay worked with his hands was not the least wonderful thing about him.

It was not so difficult a task to persuade the natives to come to the missionaries' house to learn to read. It was little



more than a month after Mackay's arrival that he wrote: "I have a whole lot of pupils, old and young. Some have made wonderful progress already, for Waganda are very apt.

King Mutesa was urgent in his frequent invitations to the white men to attend the morning *baraza* at the palace. Things which seemed very commonplace to civilized men he had never heard of before. When Mr. Mackay told him about the railroads and steamships, and explained the telephone and telegraph, the king was greatly delighted.

This is the way Mackay summed it up, and Mutesa was deeply impressed: "My forefathers made the wind their slave; then they enchained water; next they enslaved steam; but now the terrible lightning is the white man's slave, and a capital one it is, too!"

One day an Arab trader presented himself at court with guns and cloth which he wanted to sell for slaves. He offered one red cloth for one slave; one musket for two slaves; and one hundred percussion caps for one female slave.

Since Mackay was present that morning he was given an opportunity to speak. In the presence of all the chiefs and courtiers he told the king how cruelly the poor slaves were treated during their journeys to the coast. Mutesa was so much moved that he declared he would sell no more slaves and the traders had to sell their guns and cloth for ivory only.

Some days later Mr. Mackay took a book on physiology to the palace. By means of pictures he showed the king the different parts of the body, and how the blood circulates through them all. He explained many things so that Mutesa might see how wonderfully perfect the human body is, and that no man or group of men in all the world could ever make one. "Yet," he said, "the Arabs wish to buy these perfect bodies with immortal souls within them, each for a rag of cloth which one man can make in a day."

Mutesa was convinced, and decreed that from that time no one in his kingdom should sell a slave on pain of death.

"The best decree you have ever made, King Mutesa," said Mr. Mackay. But alas, it was one thing for Mutesa to make a decree and another to faithfully carry it out.

Often on Sabbaths Mr. Mackay read to the king some of the parables Jesus told. One day he read the story of the

old garment and the new cloth (Luke 5:36), how it was not wise to tear a piece off of a new garment and patch an old garment with it; for the new garment would be spoiled and the patch would not look well on the old gown.

So he told the king it was just as foolish for him to patch up his old heathen life by doing a few Christian things. It was no use for him to try to be a heathen and a Christian at the same time, to keep on living with his four hundred wives and to pretend to be a Christian; to buy and sell God's children as slaves, and to claim to follow Jesus; to treat his subjects cruelly and to order them killed for every little offense, and still to pray at Christian service on Sunday.

Shortly after Mr. Mackay arrived in Uganda the missionaries were surprised to learn that a group of French Catholic priests were on their way to Mutesa's land. On their arrival the king received them with his accustomed cordiality and pomp. But from that time trouble began.

King Mutesa seemed bewildered. "Every white man has a different religion," he said. "What am I to believe? Who is right? First I was a heathen, then a Mohammedan, then a Christian; now other white men come and tell me these English are wrong. Perhaps if I follow these new men, then other white men will come and tell me these also are wrong."

Sometimes King Mutesa was kind to the French missionaries; sometimes he seemed to favor the English more. Sometimes he was disagreeable to both. As the personal guests of the king, Mutesa gave the white men homes to live in and provided their daily food until after the French Catholics came. Then many a day English and French alike suffered from hunger. Later they heard that Mutesa was very ill and did not expect to recover; that at a meeting of chiefs and Arabs it was decided to murder all the Englishmen should Mutesa die.

Requests from the missionaries for permission to leave the country were persistently refused by the king. Finally, however, he decided to send three of his own subjects to visit the great Queen Victoria and two missionaries were allowed to go as an escort. Two others of the party left Uganda to start missionary work in a city several hundred miles south of the end of the lake, and Mr. Pearson accompanied them



for a short distance to get supplies. For some months Mr. Mackay and a Mr. Litchfield were left alone in Uganda.

Strange to say, during these months Mutesa became enthusiastic over the subject of book knowledge, and even commanded all his chiefs, officials, pages, and soldiers to learn to read. The mission house was besieged by eager learners. All day long Mackay and Litchfield were never without pupils about them, some of whom were waiting even at daylight. Long into the night they worked, printing sheets which, during the day, men and boys were taught to read.

King Mutesa would have done for a Chinese puzzle. One Sabbath in court, in the midst of the enthusiasm over reading, he made a sudden request of Mr. Mackay. After the Scripture lesson was read, he asked abruptly, "Can anyone baptize?"

"No," was the answer.

"Can you?"

"No, but the clergyman is qualified to do so."

"I wish to be baptized and my chiefs."

Mr. Mackay told the king that only those who were true Christians should be baptized. Jesus had said, as one could tell the kind of tree by the fruit it bore, so one could tell a true Christian by the sort of life he lived. Mr. Mackay had not seen either him or his chiefs giving up lying, witchcraft, murder, Sabbath breaking, or any of their evil habits. Then, too, if the king wished to be baptized, he must be willing to live with only one wife.

Several days later Mackay went to the palace and found the king arguing with the Arabs over the Koran, their sacred book. He again showed interest in the subject of baptism. He said he would put away his wives and follow Christ truly.

Like the tall grass about his own courtyard when shaken by the wind, Mutesa swayed back and forth, uncertain in his attitude toward his visitors. He gloried over having the white men in his capital because of the presents they brought and the things they could do. Now he would favor the French, and again he would favor the English, so that he could keep them both in the country. The missionaries knew not what to expect of him or how much to believe him.

## LESSON 45

### THE KING AND THE WIZARD

Read Exodus 20:2-6; 1 Kings 18:20-46

About Christmas time in the year 1879 it was rumored that Mukasa, the great wizard who lived on an island in Victoria Lake, was on his way to the capital. Month after month the Arab traders had tried to take their ivory and slaves to the coast; but they were refused canoes, because, it was said, "The great wizard of the lake is about to visit the king."

For two years King Mutesa had suffered with a painful disease. Many native doctors had tried to cure him. For a time he had been treated by one of the missionaries, a physician, and was temporarily benefited; but refusing to give up some of his wicked habits he received no permanent good. Since he was daily growing weaker, it was rumored again and again that he would soon die.

Finally, the queen mother, together with his wives, urged him to go to Mukasa, the greatest of all the wizards, who they were confident could heal him. Upon his insisting that he could not leave the capital they persuaded him to allow Mukasa to come to him.

At last the wizard came and every day could be heard the roll of drums in his honor. Men carrying loads of bananas from the king to the wizard's camp passed by the missionaries' house. He would heal the king by a single word, everyone was saying. It would be some days, however, before he would make his way to the palace; for he must wait for the coming of the new moon to begin his work.

The morning of Thursday, December 11, brought a day long remembered. *Baraza* had already commenced when Mr. Mackay arrived. After various subjects had been discussed, and seeing that Mutesa was in good spirits, Mr. Mackay stepped out and sat down on a stool before the king.

"May I ask one question of the king?" he said.

Mutesa assenting, he asked, "What is a wizard?"



The question was a surprise to everyone. Some were offended; others smiled, while Mutesa seemed to take the question kindly. He began to explain what wizards were: that in them lived the spirits of the gods. He also said that the remains of his dead ancestors were guarded by persons thought to be able to talk with the departed spirits, and that at times the spirits of the dead kings entered into them.

"I believe you have little confidence in the powers of such pretenders," Mackay said, "but I have heard that several of your chiefs have been advising you to go to the wizard to be cured. I sit before you, your servant and the servant of Almighty God, and in his name I beg of you have no dealings with this wizard, whether a chief tries to persuade you to do so or a common man advises you. This Mukasa is practically causing rebellion in the country, for he disobeys your Majesty's orders, and asserts his right over the lake as before that of your Majesty. It is now more than five months since Mutesa has ordered his Arab traders to be supplied with boats to go to Usukuma, yet those traders are not able to start because of Mukasa's counter-orders. If this Mukasa is a wizard, then he is a god, and thus there are two gods in Uganda—the Lord God Almighty and Mukasa; but if Mukasa is only a man, as many say he is, then there are two kings in Uganda—Mutesa, whom we all acknowledge and honor, and this Mukasa who gives himself out as some great one."

Mutesa seemed to see the point. He told Mackay that he was intending to hold a council of his chiefs with a view to coming to some decision in the matter. Mr. Mackay urged that there was no need of that; for, if the king himself believed the wizard to be an enemy of God, it would not be difficult for him to lead his chiefs to believe it.

Then Mutesa opened a discussion with his chiefs on "What is a wizard?" Again and again he referred to Mackay's words, "If Mukasa is a god, we have two gods; if he is a man, then there are two kings in Uganda."

In the midst of the discussion so many disturbances arose that Mutesa told Mackay the subject would have to be dropped for the time, but that later he would attend to it.

Another opportunity came the next Sabbath. "After

prayers," Mr. Mackay wrote, "instead of our usual reading in Saint Luke, I turned over the Scriptures from Exodus to Revelation, reading a host of passages to show the mind of God toward dealers in witchcraft. I had wonderful attention to-day. I was gratified to hear one of the chiefs say that the list of passages read was enough to set the matter at rest, and there could be no more dispute as to the unlawfulness of witchcraft."

It was but a few nights till the new moon would appear. From one of his pupils Mr. Mackay heard that all the chiefs had supplied men to build three small huts for Mukasa and his companions in the king's inner court, and that they had worked late by moonlight in order to have them finished by Monday morning when the wizard was to arrive.

There was still a little more delay, however, and Mukasa did not arrive as soon as was expected. Mackay was given another opportunity to speak to the king Monday morning. Mutesa seemed to know what Mackay wanted to talk about and he gave orders for all noises outside the court to cease.

"Is it your pleasure, King Mutesa," Mackay began, "that I cease teaching the Word of God at court on Sundays?"

"No, not by any means."

"You and your chiefs," continued Mackay, "have now made up your minds to bring the wizard to stay at court. I have no right to interfere with your orders or whom you choose as your guest; only this visitor, for whom preparations are made, is no ordinary guest, but is looked up to by the people as possessed of powers which belong to God alone. We cannot mix up the worship of God Almighty with the worship of a man who is the enemy of God."

Mutesa listened intently and then said to his chiefs, "Do you hear what Mackay says? He says that we cannot bring the wizard here without offending God."

"The wizard is only coming with medicine to heal the king," one of the chiefs answered.

Mackay replied, "The wizard is not merely a doctor, but is looked up to by all as a god, and as being able to heal people by enchantment."

"The white man is right," admitted the king. "I know very well that this Mukasa is coming to use witchcraft."



"We should only be delighted if Mukasa could cure the king," continued Mackay, "and neither I nor any other would object to his bringing medicine for that purpose."

"Gabunga [the head chief on the lake] came some time ago to say that Mukasa was able to cure me," said the king. "Bring his medicine, then," I said. Gabunga brought some; but said it was of no use unless the wizard were present himself to perform the cure. They say the spirit of my ancestors has gone into him; but do you think I believe that?"

"I believe Mutesa has more sense than to believe anything of the kind," said Mackay, "for when a man dies his soul returns to God."

The king replied, "What you say, Mackay, is perfectly true, and I know that all witchcraft is falsehood."

Mackay thanked Mutesa for this statement, but the prime minister and other chiefs did not seem pleased. Poor Mutesa knew not what to do. His mother and his friends had persuaded him to have the wizard brought to his capital. He acknowledged that it would be wrong to receive him; yet he was afraid not to do as his mother and his chiefs wished.

"We are all ready to honor and respect your mother and your relatives," again Mackay urged, "but God is greater than them all, and you must choose which you will serve, God or your relatives."

Mackay's last opportunity to plead at court came two days before Christmas. When all were seated, Mr. Mackay was called forward and a woman was brought in.

Mutesa said to Mackay, "This woman, my aunt, has been sent to bring you to the council of my mother, and others of the family, that you may explain to them why you refuse to allow me to see the wizard."

"I will not go to explain at any other court than this," Mackay replied. "I do not refuse to allow your Majesty to see the wizard: only as a servant of God I warn you of the sin of witchcraft. I use no force, but, as I told your Majesty yesterday, it was my place to tell you the truth, while you are free to follow or reject my advice."

All the chiefs began to talk at once and the king grew afraid not to act as they wished.

Mutesa then said, "Now we will leave both the Arab's

religion and the *Bazungu's* [white men's] religion, and will go back to the religion of our fathers."

Of course the chiefs were delighted, for they boldly "*nyanzigged*" (bowed) when he finished speaking, clapping their hands, and saying, "I thank you!"

At last the time of the new moon came and the following day was the wizard's great day of triumph. The missionaries did not go to the palace themselves; but, through a few of the more friendly natives, they learned what had happened. It was reported that four or five of the head chiefs had gone to the king and told him that if he did not receive the wizard and have the old religion back, they would take his throne from him and make one of his sons king.

Mr. Mackay writes: "Before dawn I was awakened by a terrible beating of drums in the neighborhood. I got up and looked out in a dense fog. I gathered at once that it was the procession of the wizard going to the palace.

"I afterward learned that the wizard put up at the house of Gabunga [head chief on the lake], who is now at the capital, till midday, when he was received at the palace.

"All agree in saying that a vast quantity of beer was consumed by the wizard and chiefs, Mutesa scarcely touching the liquor; that the king sat silent all the time, while the wizard sang. Few were near enough to know anything that the wizard said or sung; but one man says that he predicted war in the country from the presence of strangers, not now, perhaps, but within four or five years."

For several days the great wizard and his companions presented themselves at court, going through their chanting, dancing, and drinking as on the first day. Finally, the last day of the year, Mutesa refused to see the wizard again because the cure which was expected had failed. Mukasa was obliged to leave and return to his island home.

So the year ended. King Mutesa had yielded to the persuasions of his chiefs and relatives and had returned to his old heathen ways, only to be disappointed again by the false pretensions of the heathen wizard. What might next be expected no one dared to predict.



## LESSON 46

### THE TWO-FACED MUTESA AND THE MOHAMMEDANS

Read Matthew 5:43 to 6:15

For King Mutesa it was as easy to change his religion as to change his clothes. Two weeks after he had compelled his court to do reverence to the wizard he said to his chiefs:

“Why are you not continuing to learn to read? You are all trying to gather riches for this world. You had better prepare for the world to come. Here are white men who have come to teach you religion. Why do you not learn?”

He even went so far as to give reading sheets to his chiefs and pages, many of whom began to study for the first time.

Yet during the months which followed the wizard's visit the missionaries were very much neglected by Mutesa. He no longer sent them presents of bananas, goats, and chickens, and their supply of cowry-shells for buying food became exhausted. They needed also oil for their lamps, paper for printing, and many other things not to be had in Uganda.

So in April, 1880, Mr. Mackay started on a journey to Uyui, several hundred miles south of the lake, where were other English missionaries who had lately come from England with fresh supplies.

About three months after Mr. Mackay had left the capital the fickle Mutesa again changed his religion. One night he dreamed that he saw ten moons and an eleventh which was both larger and brighter than any of the others. The big bright moon waxed more and more brilliant and grew larger and larger until the ten other moons came and bowed down before it. While Mutesa was wondering what the dream meant he thought he saw two angels standing before him and he was frightened by their angry looks.

“Why have you and your court ceased to pray the Mohammedan prayers?” one of the angels asked.

Now all Mohammedans are taught to pray five times a day. In order that everyone may know just the time when

the prayers should be said a priest calls loudly Arabic words which mean "God is great. I bear witness that there is no god but God! I bear witness that Mohammed is the Prophet of God! Come to prayers! Come to prayers! Come to salvation! There is no other god but God!" Immediately every good Mohammedan believes that his first duty is to wash his hands and kneel down to pray.

So the angel said to Mutesa: "If you wish to be prosperous and your land to grow, return at once to this old custom and call the people to prayer as the Koran commands."

On telling the dream to his wives, Mutesa was easily persuaded to think that he was like the large moon and that soon ten kingdoms would come and beg him to rule over them.

On meeting his chiefs at morning *baraza* the proud king repeated his dream to them also. Then and there he commanded them all to obey the order of the angels and to pray.

Mutesa's command needed merely to be given and the royal palace resounded with the prayers of scores of men ready to follow any religion their king might choose.

Mutesa announced that he himself was no longer a worshiper of the gods of Uganda or a follower of *Isa* (Jesus), but, from henceforth, his religion was that of Mohammed. In the church where only a short while before men had prayed to the Lord Jesus, now Mohammedan prayers were chanted. Every chief was accompanied by a boy carrying a mat and a kettle, so that at the call to prayer he might wash his hands and kneel on the mat in obedience to the Koran.

Some days after the public announcement of his new religion, Mutesa declared that since he had determined to follow the dream he had been cured of his long-standing sickness. For some time he held *baraza* regularly in the grand style which had been habitual years before, but which was set aside after he began to suffer from his lingering disease. But soon the malady proved as serious as before.

During this period, when the Mohammedans enjoyed the royal favor, the Arabs gloried alike in their own power and in the seeming defeat of their enemies, the white men.

On Mr. Mackay's return from the southern end of the lake they were ready to slander the missionaries whenever it was possible to do so. One morning, when a goodly number



were present at *baraza*, the Arabs said, "The English are taking advantage of Mutesa's illness. They are building a castle of clay which will become a fort; and they have many guns. When they finish building they will fight."

Mutesa answered: "The English are at Zanzibar and have not yet taken that place. Is it likely that they will begin fighting here when they have not yet 'eaten' any part of the coast? I accept your religion, and do not want the religion of the *Bazungu* [white men]. Leave off then abusing them."

Pleased that he had professed to accept their faith, the Arabs began to flatter him because of his wisdom.

"The *Bazungu*," they said, "do not know how to pray. They never wash their hands before eating. They keep dogs, which are unclean animals. They eat swine's flesh. We eat only clean animals, we always wash before eating and before praying, and we pray four and five times a day."

Mutesa again praised the Mohammedan religion and decreed that all should pray as the Arabs did, and that every one who was found not doing so should be caught and killed.

Later another discussion arose at court about the religions of Christ and Mohammed. Mr. O'Flaherty, who had taken Mr. Pearson's place, took the side of the Christians.

"In what does the wealth of Europe and Zanzibar consist?" asked Mutesa of one of the Arabs present.

The Arab mentioned houses, lands, cattle, slaves, ivory, merchandise, pearls, gold, and silver.

"In what does the wealth of Uganda consist?" asked Mr. O'Flaherty of the king.

"Our riches," said Mutesa, "lie in ivory and women and cattle and slaves and houses."

Mr. O'Flaherty replied, "Ivory will by-and-by be all gone; your women die every day of the plague; your cattle get eaten up; your slaves die; and your houses—why, I could set them all on fire with one match. What will you have then? All these things perish. I, therefore, advise you to seek the true riches which are above and which cannot pass away. Seek first to know God, and to love him with all your heart, and then you will have wealth which will last always."

"I want to have nothing to do with Jesus Christ," Mutesa replied. "I want goods and women. The religion of Jesus

Christ will not give these to me, so I will not have it. The white men told me that God would protect those who read the Book. Smissi [Lieutenant Smith] was a man who read the book of Jesus Christ and he was killed. Does not Jesus Christ always abuse people? Did he not try to make the Jews accept his religion? But they would not have it and killed him and scattered his followers. I don't want the *Bazungu* to come here with empty words. I want them to work and to bring me goods like the Arabs. If they will not make me ships and cannon, I do not want them. They tell me about God. Who ever saw God?"

In answer Mr. O'Flaherty asked Mutesa, "Did you ever see pain? Yet you have certainly felt it and know what it is. Did you ever see the wind? Yet you know it is there."

While the Arabs continued in Mutesa's favor they used their keenest ingenuity in inventing stories against the missionaries. Mr. Mackay seemed to be more fiercely slandered than any of the rest. At *baraza* one morning, the crafty Mutesa, always eager to start exciting discussions at court, said, "*Makay milalu*" (Mackay is mad). Having waited such an opportunity, the Arabs boldly presented their charges.

They said that Mackay was a criminal of the worst sort; that he had murdered two men in England; that on the steamer bound for Africa he had threatened to shoot the captain; that he was compelled to flee from Zanzibar because of more murders he committed there; that in Unyanyembe he had carried two revolvers, hoping for an opportunity to kill the governor; that it was very dangerous to allow him to remain in Uganda, for he was insane and tried to murder people. They further declared that Mackay had, on that very morning, given the speaker a present and had besought him not to make public the facts about his wicked life.

When the story of that morning's *baraza* was told Mr. Mackay he wrote in his journal:

"God is over all, and he is our God and our sole defense. We now can understand to the full the meaning of that blessing which we are promised when men shall *revile* us, and persecute us, and shall *say all manner of evil* against us falsely for his sake. We are his, and it matters not what man can do to us."



## LESSON 47

### THE NEW TEACHING MAKES NEW MEN

Read Acts 2:37-47; 19:8-20

October 8, 1881, was a great day for the two English missionaries in Uganda. The day brought nothing unusual but a letter addressed to Mr. Mackay.

The letter was short as it contained but two sentences. It was not beautifully written, yet it brought Mr. Mackay the best news he had heard since reaching Uganda. During all the three years he had spent in Mutesa's kingdom, not a single black man or woman in the country, as far as he knew, had showed that he truly wanted to be a Christian. This little letter bringing the good news was from one of Mackay's first pupils, a young man named Sembera.

"Bwana [Master] Mackay," it read, "Sembera has come with compliments and to give you the great news. Will you baptize him, because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?"

Never afterward was Sembera ashamed of being a Christian. Although only a slave boy, he was ever trying to persuade others to become Christians. Two years after his baptism two young men whom he himself had won acknowledged Jesus as Lord and Saviour; and even his old master became a Christian, because Sembera had taught him of Jesus.

About five months after Sembera's letter was received the first five Christian Waganda then living were baptized by Mr. O'Flaherty. For this special service the missionaries' home was turned into a chapel. After the solemn and impressive ceremony of the morning was over a bounteous dinner was served to about thirty lads and men and a goodly number of women besides, Mr. Mackay being the chief cook. It was a very happy as well as a solemn day; and others, too, began to think seriously of coming out boldly for Christ.

The five young men who were baptized had all been pupils in the white men's school for a long time, and had repeatedly expressed their determination to be followers of Jesus. To

make everyone feel that these young men were beginning a new life, they were given new names when baptized. Sembera was now called Sembera Mackay. One was named Philipo for Mr. O'Flaherty and the other Edwardo. The fourth was called Henry Wright, for one of the missionary secretaries in England; and the fifth Yakobo, meaning Jacob.

From this time on the number of those who were earnestly seeking to learn how to follow the white man's religion steadily increased. Some walked three, four, and five hours to reach the missionaries' home. One faithful chief was obliged to wade through a swamp up to his waist in going from his home to that of the missionaries.

One day a chief came who said he had heard one morning at *baraza* the discussions between Mr. O'Flaherty, the king, and the Arabs, and he wanted now to hear more of what the white man had to say. Mr. O'Flaherty gave the chief his evenings. Occasionally he went to the chief's home to teach him. Calling one day at his hut, he was happily surprised to find the chief teaching his wives, some to say the alphabet, some to spell, and some to read the Lord's Prayer.

One morning the man who had been the special wizard or priest for this chief came also to the missionaries' home. Many regular pupils and visitors, together with other wizards and worshipers of the spirits, were present. In the midst of the teaching this priest knelt at the feet of Mr. O'Flaherty.

"I will cast off these charms of the spirits, whom I will never again serve," he cried. "They are liars and cheats. I will follow Jesus and learn his ways." On saying this, he cut off the valuable charms he carried about his person and took off his priest's robes and threw them all into the fire.

Soon after this the chief was ordered by the king to go to a distant part of the country. Having been away some months, he sent his converted priest back to the mission house, several days' journey, to ask for a prayer book. It happened that when he arrived, another priest, richly robed and adorned with charms, was talking with Mr. Mackay. The heathen priest was describing his different kinds of charms; one he had to keep off lightning; one was to heal snake bites; and others were to heal various kinds of sicknesses. Mr. Mackay finally persuaded the man to allow him



for a few minutes to have one of his most precious charms which he carried on his head. On handing it over to the missionary the wizard cautioned Mr. Mackay not to place it on his head lest some dreadful calamity should be sent upon him by the god. This was the very thing Mr. Mackay did, at the same time addressing the crowd of Waganda. Expecting to see Mackay smitten dead on the spot, some of the people were so frightened that they ran away.

Then the converted wizard, stepping forward, boldly addressed the people. He told them how he had thrown all his charms and his priestly robes into the fire, for he had been led to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great High Priest of the true God. Those present were deeply moved, and many went away asking, "Is not the Christian's God the true God?"

These interesting and encouraging things were happening while the Waganda everywhere were living in constant fear of death. The land was sorely stricken with the plague, much as Egypt was in the days of Moses. When this was at its worst, it seemed as if there was not a single house in Uganda where at least one had not died.

The disease snatched several from the noble Christian band. Two of these victims, young men of the king's household, were expecting to be baptized in a few months. When smitten with the plague, however, they were treated as were all others and carried off into the jungle and left to die.

Mr. O'Flaherty, hearing what had been done, hastened to them. There were a few words of cheer and a short prayer by the missionary. "I shall never forget," wrote Mr. O'Flaherty, "the look up to heaven by the first young man, Mukasa, and the words, among many others, to the effect that, although he was leaving an earthly palace, he was going to the palace in heaven; and turning to his friend he said, 'Jesus our Saviour is King.' His hands were clasped in mine, but in a paroxysm of burning agony he released his grasp and passed away. Turning to my other friend, I found him already in the throes of death, but I felt his name was entered on the Book of Life in heaven."

Another victim of the plague was Philipo Mukasa, one of the first five baptized by the missionary. For a long time he had been Mr. O'Flaherty's personal friend. Once he

weakened under the tempting offer of his brother who promised him a wife if Philipo would become his heathen priest. But with his wife Sarah he soon returned to the missionaries, asking that both be permitted to remain with them.

At all other times Philipo was true to his God. Even before he was baptized he had suffered persecution for the white men's religion. When Mutesa, because of his dream, had turned his court into a Mohammedan assembly, Philipo was the janitor of the church where the chiefs went to repeat Mohammedan prayers. Philipo refused to join them, and said that the religion of Jesus was the only true religion. When his words were reported to the king the brave young man was put in the stocks.

Sarah became as noble a Christian as Philipo. First she was a haughty savage who refused to touch the white men's food. "Can a woman learn?" she asked, when they tried to teach her. Soon, however, she became a good reader and, more than that, a very helpful person about the place. One day she was seen working in the garden with the other women.

"Sarah," asked the missionary, "who told you to work; I thought you were above working?"

"I cannot wash and sew like my white sisters in England," she answered. "I wish I could; but I can prune and hoe, and the plantains which feed us require both. It is my duty to assist in feeding this great family."

It was a sad night for her and all the Christians when Philipo died. His brothers came to take away the corpse, but the missionary and Sarah refused, saying that because they were Christians and Jesus was their elder brother, they were more closely related to Philipo than his natural brothers. When his heathen relatives saw the fine grave, the beautiful bark cloth, and the clean white linen, they said, "You have buried him a chief; we also wish to be your brothers."

So the number of Waganda Christians grew. Some were slaves, some were chiefs, some were officers of the king's household, and several were the king's own daughters. By October, 1884, eighty-eight Waganda had been baptized. Black men, women, and children were being born again with new hearts pure and white.



## LESSON 48

### MACKAY'S QUEER NEW NAME

Read Matthew 25:31-40; Acts 26:24-29

“Any amount of mere preaching,” wrote Mr. Mackay, “would never set these lazy fellows to work; and if only the slaves work, what better are matters than before? I have made work so prominent a part of my teaching that I am called *Muzungu-wa Kazi* [white man of work]. I tell them that God made men with only one stomach, but with two hands, implying they should work twice as much as they eat. But most of them are all stomach and no hands! That *I* work with my hands should be a healthful lesson.”

A good sized farm of perhaps twenty acres was put at the disposal of the missionaries—ten times as much as the king had given them at first. To raise all the vegetables, fruit, and stock they might need for food became their ambition.

It was no easy task to cut down the trees and underbrush and to break up the soil, so as to prepare these acres of wild land for cultivation. The natives never having been used to the idea of working for wages, all manual work being done by slaves, it was difficult to get men and women to help in this undertaking. After months of patient labor fifteen hundred plantain trees were growing on the land. Splendid crops of maize, millet, wheat, beans, peas, tomatoes, and sweet potatoes were being gathered. There was a fair herd of cattle, together with goats and chickens—enough to supply them with meat. Part of the coffee they used was raised on their own trees, and the cotton they wove into cloth was of their own planting. From their own wheat crops they made flour and baked bread in a brick oven devised by Mr. Mackay. Plantain rinds were burned to make lye for soap-making. They even went so far as to make sugar and molasses from Uganda sugar-cane. All these new forms of labor they did themselves or taught the natives by patient example.

To all the tasks of various kinds involved in farming was

added that of building a new home for the missionaries. For two years the white men had lived in a hut of native build. Oftentimes the rain would drip through the grass roof, and on the moist mud floors weeds and grass would insist on growing. The lower parts of the walls, being shaded by the roof and soaked by the rains, soon rotted. Because such conditions were so unhealthful, Mr. Mackay determined to build the best sort of house he could with the materials at his disposal.

Because of the rumors spread by the Arabs that brick houses would be used as forts, he did not dare build of that material. So the frame he made of wild palm, the only wood in Uganda which can resist the ravages of the white ants. Between the beams the walls were filled in with stones and red clay and plastered over, both inside and outside, with plaster. To protect these walls from rain the heavily thatched roof was made to extend some feet beyond them and was supported by substantial pillars. The two stories within and the stairway connecting them seemed very marvelous to the ignorant Waganda, who had never before seen one house built on top of another. The wooden floor and the lattice-work for windows did much toward making the house comfortable and wholesome as a home for the white men.

With all the delays caused by inefficient and lazy workmen, by Mr. Mackay's occasional attacks of fever, and by the dozen and one other hindrances that may not be named, a full year passed before the new home was completed. The fame of this wonderful house and farm spread even beyond Uganda, and here and there some enterprising man copied this or that suggestion from the white man's way of living.

For three years the missionaries had been drinking the same kind of water as was used by the natives. Not a well or a pump had ever been seen in the land. The water which naturally drained into the hollow swamps between the hills, carrying filth with it, was the only supply the Waganda knew. After a fearful plague had swept over the land, and the white men themselves had been weakened by repeated attacks of fever, they decided to dig a well of their own, where they could find pure fresh water.

"When we got too far down to throw up the earth with a shovel," says Mr. Mackay, "I set up a trestle of strong trees ;



and with rope and pulley and bucket, much to the astonishment of all the natives, we hoisted up the clay, till we reached water just at the depth I predicted. The Waganda had never seen a deep well before, and would not believe that water could be had on a hillside until they saw the liquid itself. It took more than a week to sink the well; but when I afterward repaired a battered pump which I had bought in London, and they saw a copious stream ascend twenty feet high, their wonder and amazement knew no bounds.

“‘*Makay lubare! Makay lubare dala!*’ was cried by all [Mackay is the great spirit, he is truly the great spirit]. But I told them that there was only one great Spirit, that is, God, and I was only a man like themselves. To each company that came near I explained the action of the pump, some understanding best when I said that it was only a sort of elephant’s trunk made of copper. To others I explained that it was only a beer-drinking tube on a large scale, with a tongue of iron that sucked up the water, as their tongues sucked up the beer from their gourds.

“‘O, the *Bazungu*, the *Bazungu!* they are the men; they can do everything; the Arabs and coast men know nothing at all.’

“There must remain nothing for white men to know—they know everything!” said Mutesa in his astonishment.

“We know yet only the beginning of things. Every year we make advances in knowledge,” Mackay replied.

“Can Waganda ever become clever like the *Bazungu*?”

“Yes, and yet even more clever.”

The king laughed and said, “I don’t believe it.” Of course the chiefs laughed too, as they did whenever the king laughed.

The fame of the “white man of work” reached its climax when he successfully served as undertaker for the king’s mother, Namasole. The funeral was patterned partly after the white man’s and partly after the black man’s way of burying the dead. The white man suggested three coffins, the inner of wood, the next of copper, and the third of wood covered with cloth. But the dimensions—these were of the black man’s choosing. The bigger the grave, the greater the honor shown to the dead queen! All the copper in the king’s stores was sent down to the mission. “Fine large trays of

Egyptian workmanship, copper drums, copper cans, and copper pots and plates" were all melted, but barely supplied enough for the lid of the copper coffin. The outside wooden coffin, when put together, looked like a small house. A thousand men were used to carry the various parts of the three coffins to the huge hut under which had been dug the huge grave. For "the white man of work" to serve as undertaker for the dead queen had meant toiling all day, and frequently most of the night, for thirty days.

When the day of the burial came, into the grave, outside, and between the several coffins, there were thrown thousands upon thousands of yards of bark cloth and calico, amounting, it is said, to even seventy-five thousand dollars worth. A more splendid burial had never before been given to royalty in Uganda. This is, in brief, the story of the coffin; but the sermon he preached through its making was yet to come.

"It was at morning *baraza*," writes Mackay. "Strangers were called forward to describe burial customs in various parts of Africa and Arabia. Some told of burying scores of living virgins with a dead king; others told of how human lives were offered as sacrifices on like occasions; while others told of the pomp and ceremony displayed at funerals.

"Turning to me, the king asked: 'Tell me how they bury in your country? Do they do as I did in burying Namasole? Did you see any human sacrifices then?'

"Masudi (an Arab) began to describe to me how when Mutesa's grandfather died his father had thousands slaughtered at the grave.

" 'Don't mention such things,' I said to Masudi, with such a gesture of horror that he became quiet at once; 'they are too cruel to be spoken about before the Mutesa of to-day. You, Mutesa, far surpass anyone, not only in Africa, or in Arabia, or in India, but even in Europe itself. I never heard of so much valuable cloth being buried in a royal grave as you buried with Namasole.' This, of course, pleased him. 'But let me tell you that all that fine cloth and those fine coffins will one day all be rotten. It may take ten years, or may be a hundred years, or it may be a thousand years; but some day all will be rotten, and the body inside will rot, too. Now we know this, hence in Christian countries we say that it



matters little in what way the body is buried, but it matters everything what becomes of the soul. Look at these two head chiefs of yours sitting by you. The katikiro is your right hand and Kyambalango is your left hand.' They are both very rich. Next to you they are the greatest in the kingdom. They have cloth and cattle and lands and women and slaves—very much of all. Here they have much honor, and when they die they will be buried with much honor, but yet their bodies will one day rot.

" 'Now let me have only an old bark cloth, and nothing more of this world's riches, and I would not exchange my place for all the wealth and all the greatness of both the katikiro and Kyambalango. All their greatness will pass away, and their souls are lost in the darkness of belief in the wizards, while I know that my soul is saved by Jesus Christ, the Son of God, so that I have riches that never perish, which they know nothing about.'

"The katikiro, evidently struck by my contempt of all his greatness, replied that Mutesa was a believer in Jesus Christ, while he was a servant of Mutesa, consequently he was a Christian. Mutesa then began his usual excuses.

" 'There are these two religions,' he said. 'When Masudi reads his book, the Koran, the white men call it lies; when the white men read their book, Masudi calls it lies. Which is true?'

"I left my seat, and, going forward to the mat on which the katikiro was sitting, I knelt on it, and in the most solemn manner I said, 'O, Mutesa, my friend, do not always repeat that excuse! When you and I stand before God at the great day of judgment, will you reply to Almighty God that you did not know what to believe because Masudi told you one thing and Mackay told you another? No, you have the New Testament; read for yourself. God will judge you by that.' "

So Mackay pleaded with Mutesa. Never again did another opportunity come. Like Agrippa in the days of Paul, this black king did not heed the Christian plea. His health grew worse continually. Weak and suffering intensely, he was unable to hold *baraza*. Two years after his mother's pompous funeral, he, too, died, and died a heathen.

## LESSON 49

### THREE BOY HEROES AND ONE BOY TYRANT

Read Revelation 2:10; Matthew 10:28; Acts 6:7 to 7:60

"Mwanga has eaten Uganda," was the news which traveled from mouth to mouth when Mutesa's successor was chosen. To the missionaries this seemed good news. Mwanga was a lad about eighteen years of age. During Mutesa's reign he had occasionally visited the missionaries and had learned a little of reading.

"If you should become king on your father's death how will you treat us?" Mr. Ashe had once asked him when the boy was paying a visit to the missionaries.

"I shall like you very much, and show you every favor," was the reply.

However, it spoiled Mwanga to be made king of Uganda. He began to show all his father's weaknesses without any of his strong points. The katikiro, along with certain of the chiefs, hated the missionaries exceedingly, and it did not take long for Mwanga to catch their spirit.

He had not long been king when the rumor was brought to his court that an army of white men was marching to Uganda by way of Usoga, a country just east of Uganda.

Now, there were many reasons to make Mwanga begin to think that the foreigners who were coming were enemies. He had heard of fighting on the part of the English in Egypt to the north, and that the Germans (to him the same as the English) were fighting in the region of Zanzibar. He expected them to march inland. In addition, he had been told of English and Germans who were living at the southern end of Victoria Lake. Now, worst of all, there was an army of white men in Usoga. Surely, the Englishmen already in Uganda were part of this great force and they would unite with the army in Usoga and "eat up the land." A spark was all that was needed to fire these suspicions. This



spark was supplied by Mujasi, captain of the king's body-guard.

One day Mujasi noticed a lad, formerly a follower of his, repairing the missionaries' fence. He complained to the katikiro that the white men were ruining the country, that they paid men to work for them, so that the chiefs like himself could no longer get workers for nothing. A few days later several Christian lads, the servants of a certain chief, attended the communion service on Sabbath at the mission instead of thatching a roof for the chief. Another charge Mujasi made was that every time Mackay crossed the lake he took hundreds of Waganda with him. These complaints, and the story of the white men in Usoga, prepared the way for the terrible crisis which broke out a few days later.

Mr. Mackay, having finished overhauling a new mission boat, gained permission from the king and the katikiro to go to Msulala, at the southern end of the lake, in order to take letters for home friends to a place where they would be carried on to the coast. About ten o'clock the next morning the party started on the twelve-mile walk to the port. While on their way a rumor reached them that Mujasi was out with a large army. As they walked along, every now and then they met companies of men, armed with spears, hurrying past them. Recognizing one of the men, Mr. Mackay asked him where the soldiers were going. He looked a little confused, but replied that they had been ordered by Mujasi to capture some of the king's women who had run away. The company walked on until they were within a couple of miles of the lake. They were just entering a bit of scrubby forest when a force of several hundred men, headed by Mujasi himself, sprang upon them. Armed with guns, spears, and shields, they shouted, "Go back! go back!"

"We are the king's friends, we have received the king's leave. How do you dare to insult the king's guests?" the missionaries asked as they tried to proceed. At this the crowd rushed upon them, snatching from them their walking sticks, their only weapons, and jostling them about in every direction. Mackay and Ashe did not attempt to fight, but calmly sat down by the side of the path. Again the crowd of warriors rushed upon them, pulled them to their feet, and

pointed the muzzles of their guns right at the white men's breasts. The captives, however, said nothing, but quietly abandoning the trip to the lake, they reversed their steps.

When they finally came to the point where two roads met, one leading directly to Mengo, Mwanga's new capital, the other to the missionaries' home, five of the Christian boys who were with them were bound and marched off to the capital, while the missionaries were told to go back to their own home. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon and the missionaries had been walking for five hours. Wearied and disappointed, they sat down to consider what should be done next. Mr. Ashe tells the story of the events that then took place:

"We decided to lose no time, but to lay the whole matter at once before the katikiro. When we reached his inclosure, we were bidden to wait. No one dared to announce our presence to the katikiro, as Mujasi was having a private interview with him, reporting the late encounter. After waiting some time we were admitted to the house. Mackay stated our case and asked why we had been so badly treated."

To the surprise of the missionaries, the katikiro merely smiled and said that Mujasi had turned them back because he found them taking Waganda out of the country. Mackay assured him that nothing of the kind had been done.

"O, yes, Mujasi has caught five," insisted the katikiro.

"You are always taking away our people and returning with hosts of white men and hiding them in Usoga with the intention of eating up our country," he cried.

Suddenly, with flashing eyes, he turned to Mujasi and said: "To-morrow morning take your army and tie up Philipo and this other man, Mackay, and drive them back to the country from which they came."

Mr. Ashe says: "With a cry of triumph from Mujasi's soldiers we were hustled and dragged from the great man's presence, a dangerous and angry mob momentarily growing thicker about us. Soon they were actually quarreling for our clothes. 'Mine shall be his coat,' shrieked one; 'Mine his trousers;' 'No, mine!' and there was a scuffle to get nearer the clothing they coveted. However, the katikiro did not wish matters to go quite so far, and sent his head executioners to



warn off the vulture soldiers. The order was instantly obeyed, and dazed and amazed we found ourselves alone."

In the quiet of their home the missionaries knelt and poured out their hearts in prayer to the heavenly Father. They then prepared six loads of cloth and sent them to the king, six more to the katikiro, and one to Mujasi. The katikiro graciously accepted his gift, sending back word that again they would be brothers. Since the palace gates were closed for the night, the king's gift was returned with the message that the king would receive it in the morning. Mujasi, too, accepted his load; but sent word that he was collecting a force to rob them in the morning and burn their house; but seeing they had sent presents to the king and katikiro also, he would await further orders.

The missionaries urged all their Waganda servants and pupils who stayed on their premises to flee for their lives. One boy, however, Seruwanga by name, would not go. Mr. Ashe, finding him, asked him why he lingered when in such danger. "I am going, my friend," he answered; but, alas, it was too late. That evening he, too, was captured. The next day Mujasi came and searched the house for more Waganda Christians, but none were found.

For some reason all but three of the boys captured the day before were released; but in the afternoon the report reached the missionaries that Mujasi was going to burn to death the three who were still bound. None can express the grief the missionaries felt. They loved the boys as they would have loved their own children. One of them was Seruwanga. The second, Kakumba, for a long time had lived in the missionaries' household. The third, Lugalama, the youngest of all, was a handsome young boy of twelve, who, some years before, had been carried away from his home as a captive in war. Having fallen into the hands of Sebwato, a Christian chief, he was finally given his freedom and sent to Mr. Ashe to be cared for. The boy became a true friend of the missionary and a general favorite about the grounds.

These three boys, the oldest fifteen and the youngest twelve, were to be burned to death by the savage Mujasi merely for the crime of having lived with the white men. All the efforts of the missionaries to save their boys were in vain.

The sorrowful story was afterward told to Mr. Ashe by Kidza, a Christian who, as Mujasi's guide, had witnessed the cruel scene. This is the account as Mr. Ashe gives it:

"Lugalama and Kakumba, when first arrested, were taken into a house and Kakumba was beaten. They had compassion on Lugalama and gave him some food. Next day their sentence was pronounced, Mujasi being the chief accuser.

"So the three boys, Seruwanga, Kakumba, and Lugalama, were led away to death, a mocking crowd following them.

" 'O, you know *Isa Masiya* [Jesus Christ],' said Mujasi. 'You know how to read.' 'You believe you will rise from the dead?' 'Well, I shall burn you and see whether it be so.'

"These were some of the mocking taunts which they endured, and loud was the laughter which greeted such sallies. But the young Christians, as some reported, answered boldly and faithfully. Seruwanga was a daring fellow, and I can well believe that when Mujasi mocked he would sing a song they often sang at the mission, '*Killa siku tuusifu*' ['Daily, daily sing the praises']. Kakumba, too, had come to the missionaries when all others were afraid, and perhaps his voice joined in the song. There were none who dared to beat upon their breasts and show the sorrow that they felt, though there were many sympathizing friends who followed.

"The mob, carrying gourds full of banana-cider, found their way toward the borders of a dismal swamp. Here they halted. Some brought fire-wood, others made a rough framework, under which the fuel was heaped. Then the prisoners were seized and a scene of sickening cruelty was enacted.

"Kidza stood sadly watching the sorrowful scene, wondering perhaps whether his turn might be next, when Mujasi, drunken with blood, came to him. 'Ah, you are here! I will burn you too and your household. I know you are a follower of *Isa* [Jesus].' 'Yes, I am,' said Kidza, 'and I am not ashamed of it!' Mujasi then left him."

"What shall I say of that day of waiting, hoping, praying, fearing—praying not vainly, though at the very time the awful deed was being done?

"That was a day when the wrongs of Africa came home to me and burned themselves deep into my very soul—that day when our three boy heroes fell asleep, January 31, 1885."



## LESSON 50

### STURDY BLACK CHRISTIANS WITH COURAGE

Read Hebrews 11:13 to 12:2; 1 John 3:16

After the death of the three Christian boys Mujasi presented to the king and katikiro a long list of those who he thought should be killed; but, surprised at seeing the names of certain prominent officers among the rest, the katikiro cried, "What, will you kill chiefs, too?" and Mujasi was thereupon compelled to cease his troubling.

No readers being arrested for some months, the Christians, and pupils who were not Christians as yet, gradually lost their fear and frequently the schoolroom and the new chapel were crowded to their utmost.

Yet only a few months later, or by the close of 1885, Mwanga showed himself a very different sort of king. Again reports came that an enemy was entering Uganda through the land of Usoga. The fact was that the white general was really Bishop Hannington, newly chosen bishop for Central and Eastern Africa. He had taken what seemed to him the shortest and easiest road from the coast. The missionaries in Uganda had written him a letter, warning him of the danger, but he had never received it.

One day a page of the king secretly told the missionaries that Mwanga had sent an order to kill the bishop and all his men. They hurried to the court to plead that messengers be sent to cancel the order; but Mwanga day after day refused to see them until it was too late, and a heathenish crime was committed at Uganda's "back door."

Although the missionaries knew it not, day after day the king and chiefs assembled to discuss the question whether or not Mr. Ashe, Mr. O'Flaherty, and Mr. Mackay should be killed. At last the dread decision was made; Mwanga's word was given. The three Englishmen must die.

The king's chief storekeeper, being a Christian, quietly sent word to the missionaries, suggesting that they send a present

to the king. One of Mwanga's sisters, a Christian, also sent word warning them that if ever they needed to gain the good will of Mwanga it was then.

So the missionaries sent valuable presents to the king, the katikiro, and one of the most important chiefs. The next morning pages came to the mission with the command from the king for Mackay to go at once to the palace. What did it mean? The missionaries knelt to pray. Then manfully Mr. Ashe and Mr. Mackay went before the king.

The conversation opened by Mwanga's saying, "What is the meaning of the present you sent me?"

"For friendship. We thought you were angry with us, because when we came to see you, you refused to see us," was Mackay's reply.

His words were made the occasion of long continued jeering and mocking, until Mackay quietly asked, "Have we done wrong to give the king a present?" It was a telling question and again they were silent.

Then Mr. Ashe spoke: "You all know why we sent it. We want to hear about our brother, meaning Bishop Hannington."

"Who told you about your brother?" everyone cried.

"Does not all Uganda know it?"

"O, do all Uganda go to your place?"

Then the king, turning to one of the chiefs, said, "Question them exceedingly."

So the two men were mercilessly plied with questions. The king wanted the names of the men who had told them of the plot. The missionaries refused to give any names. The chiefs grew angry. The king called the white men "*bagwagwa*," the most insulting name in the Luganda language.

After more than two hours of mocking and jeering, Mwanga made the threat that he would arrest and kill both the white men and the Waganda "readers" if any of the latter were found on their premises.

Then suddenly he called an attendant and cried, "Take these white men and give them two cows to quiet their minds," and with a wave of his hand he dismissed the court. Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe went to their home thankful to God.

That very night, regardless of Mwanga's threat, word



came to the missionaries from a group of Christians gathered in the home of Nua, the king's head blacksmith, saying that five persons wanted to be baptized, one of them the admiral of the king's fleet. "So it is, and ever will be," wrote Mr. Mackay, "some will press into the kingdom in times of the greatest trial."

For about six months there was a lull in the storm. Then a number of events, each small in itself, served again to stir up Mwanga's ill temper until all the evil of the boy tyrant's nature seemed to break loose in a furious passion for murder. His straw-built hut, in which he kept his stores of gunpowder, caught fire, and a high wind carried the masses of blazing grass hither and yon among the other royal houses of the inclosure until his entire palace grounds had become a heap of ashes. He fled to the house of the katikiro, only to have it shortly struck by lightning. Mwanga, crazed with fear, thought that the god of lightning was his enemy and that he had been bewitched by the white men.

May 26, 1886, was bright of sky, but dark of deed. Mr. Ashe, with a company of "readers" about him, was seated on the porch at the back of the mission house. They had just been singing when Mackay suddenly appeared.

"At last it is really true," he said. "I have just heard that Mwanga has given orders to seize all the Christians."

"Escape quickly lest they search our place," said Mr. Ashe to the boys, and skipping through a hole in the back fence, the pupils soon disappeared. Scarcely had they gone when an officer of the king arrived with a company of armed men in search for "readers," but none were found.

One of the Mwanga's own sisters had been bold enough to burn up her magic charms and ancestral relics. "The rebellion is spreading even into my own household," thought Mwanga. "I must act quickly." Soon it was reported seventy of the leading Christians were imprisoned.

Two Christian young men, one Apolo Kagwa by name, were called into the king's presence. In a fit of madness Mwanga himself attacked one of them, gashing his body fearfully with a spear, the suffering man then being hurried off to the executioner.

Turning to Kagwa, Mwanga cried, "Are you a reader?"

"I read, my lord," was the heroic reply.

"Then I'll teach you to read!" and thus shouting, the furious king, with spear in hand, wounded and bruised the body of the faithful Christian. Yet Kagwa's life was spared.

While "readers" were being hunted like wild beasts, many of them fled to distant provinces. Some refused to hide, lest their enemies might accuse them of being cowards. One such was Roberto, who had been accustomed almost daily to come to the mission.

As Roberto, with a group of boys about him, was one day enjoying a quiet prayer meeting, he was surprised to discover two or three executioners standing outside the door of his hut. Immediately all his boys except one bolted through the elephant grass fence. A gun was leaning against the door, and, seeing this, the executioners hesitated to enter.

"Do not be afraid that I will shoot," said Roberto. "Come in and take me."

Binding him and the one boy with him, the executioners dragged the two before the king.

"Do you read?" asked his Majesty.

"Yes."

"Take him and roast him," was the tyrant's fiendish reply.

The boy's life was redeemed by friends, who gave the king in return a woman and a cow. Roberto was kept in the stocks for a few days and then was led forth to his death.

Another who refused to flee was Nua, head blacksmith to the king. While laboring with Mackay over the coffin for Mutesa's mother, he had become a friend of the white man. On hearing of the arrests he hurried his wife and children and two or three Christian boys who had been living with him off to a place of hiding. For himself, he refused to flee, and, of course, was arrested.

While bound hand and foot in prison he pleaded with the executioners to become Christians. Noticing among the other prisoners one who had been arrested for cattle-stealing, Nua asked the executioner not to kill the cattle-stealer along with the Christians. The matter was reported to Mwanga, and the cattle-stealer was pardoned; but Nua and his Christian companions were burned alive.

The day after the arrest of the seventy Christians the



alarming report reached the missionaries that their houses were to be plundered. All the white men's Waganda servants and boys were immediately dismissed. To Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe, left alone, it was, indeed, a dark day.

"What anguish of soul we have experienced," wrote Mr. Mackay, "no words can express. Let some of our friends at home fancy themselves exchanging places with us, and seeing their friends, with whom they yesterday talked and ate and prayed, to-day ruthlessly seized and hacked to pieces, and their members left lying to decay by the roadside."

"Something must be done," they said. "We must at least make an attempt to save the lives of those who are imprisoned, but not yet killed."

Mackay hurried to Mwanga's court. On being presented to the king he reminded his Majesty that, for a piece of work the missionary had previously done, Mwanga had promised to give him anything he would like.

The king graciously asked, "What then do you want?"

"I want the lives of the people whom you have seized and not yet killed."

Mwanga tried to excuse himself from keeping the promise by saying, "But they are already all dead."

"No," said Mackay, "there are many still alive."

"Well, there may be five or six or even ten," said Mwanga. "They shall not be killed."

But Mwanga's promises were worthless. Only a few days later thirty-two of the imprisoned Christians were burned alive. After the deed was done the head executioner said to Mwanga that he had never before killed men who showed such bravery in the face of death.

"In the fire they even prayed aloud to God," he said.

During months that followed the missionaries' headquarters were watched by the executioners. More "readers" were captured and killed; and hundreds went into hiding.

At three o'clock one morning, while it was still very dark, Mr. Ashe was awakened by a low knocking at his door. Arising and lighting his lamp, he recognized almost half a dozen Christian men standing in front of the house, and he invited them in. One of them, Samweli by name, had come to ask advice. Being away in a distant province, gathering tribute

for the king, he had thus far escaped the executioners. But now he had returned. His companions had urged him to flee, but he could not feel that it was right for him not to deliver the tribute of cowry-shells to the king; yet to show himself at the palace would mean almost certain death. What was he to do?

Mr. Ashe's advice was soon given. He said, "The king has not the heart of a man, but of a wild beast, and you are not bound to submit yourself to so vile a murderer."

They stepped over to Mr. Mackay's shop and he, too, advised Samweli to flee. But the heroic Waganda Christian was not satisfied. For some time he sat on the earthen floor of the room looking much troubled. Finally he asked for a pencil and paper and bent over as if to write.

"You need not write; but tell me what you think," said Mr. Ashe.

Then, looking up, he said to the missionary, "My friend, I cannot leave the things of the king."

His companions began to try to show him the folly of his decision, but Mr. Ashe said, "No, he is right; he has spoken well; he must take the tribute."

After kneeling together in prayer they planned that Samweli should deliver the cowry-shells to the appointed chief very early in the morning, and perhaps the executioners would not yet be abroad in search of Christians. When Samweli said good-by to the missionaries they had little hope of seeing his face again. How thankful they were when, at nightfall, he appeared once more, happy because he had done his duty, even though at the risk of life itself.

So in Uganda the native Christians, not long since degraded heathen, were now suffering torment and death rather than deny their Lord and Saviour. In all, about two hundred Protestant and Roman Catholic converts were brought to a cruel martyrdom, and probably more than that number were made exiles from their homes.



## LESSON 51

### THE WHITE MAN OF WORK LAYS DOWN HIS TOOLS

Read Matthew 19:23-30; 20:26, 27

Once more there was a period of comparative quiet in Uganda. Another of the white men left for England. Indeed, Mr. Ashe and Mr. Mackay had both asked permission to go, for perhaps through their temporary absence the persecutions of the Christians might cease.

After many discussions at court his black Majesty finally consented that Mr. Ashe should leave, but not so Mr. Mackay, for whom the king pretended to have a most remarkable affection. So Mr. Mackay bade farewell to his long-time companion, and for nearly a year held the fort in Uganda alone.

Notwithstanding the possibility of death, large numbers of "readers" stole away to the white man's house. Several months after Mr. Ashe left, Mr. Mackay wrote:

"For a couple of months after you left I was having a regular houseful of strangers every evening. The tin of petroleum arrived in time, and with it I could make a respectable light, so that the library became a night school. Late, late, often very late, we wound up, and I was often more than exhausted—reading, teaching, giving medicine, and doing other work."

In addition to his teaching and doctoring, the "white man of work" undertook to construct a spinning-wheel and weaver's loom so that the Waganda might learn to spin and to weave their own cloth.

Whenever time could be spared, Mackay labored on the translation and printing of the Gospel of Matthew. In a few months the first edition of one hundred and fifty copies came from the press, and the eager Christians were able to read for themselves the precious stories of the Christ.

The fickle Mwanga, however, could never be trusted, and

again and again plots were laid for the white man's life. In a letter written about this time Mackay said:

"I have not the slightest desire to 'escape,' if I can do a particle of good by staying. My desire is that the Lord will open the way for the mission to be kept up, not abandoned. Our ship is in port, some twelve miles off, and possibly I might make a dash for it; but what then? I believe I am doing right in quietly going on with the work. My earnest heart-wish is simply to cast myself on the Master, and say, 'Thy will be done!'"

For a time Mwanga pretended to be a Mohammedan, and ordered all his pages to read the Koran. On the refusal of a number to obey his orders, Mwanga complained that all those who read with the white men were stubborn and compelled him to be ever killing them, so that people would call him a madman! He threatened to "kill very many." But his queen mother, although a heathen, warned him against putting his pages to death; since, she said, in a few years they would be the chief strength of his country.

Now that Mackay was alone, his old enemies, the Arabs, redoubled their efforts to drive him from the country. Again and again they slandered his character before Mwanga. When a letter, written in Arabic, came from the English consul in Zanzibar, they mistranslated it to the king, so that it read that the consul advised Mwanga to drive Mackay out of the country at once. The king hesitated, not knowing which to believe, the Arabs or Mackay. Now, he seemed to favor Mackay's leaving; again, he refused his permission.

Finally the king definitely declared: "I will not have his teaching in the country while I live. After I am dead the people may learn to read."

Mackay did not leave, however, until he gained a promise from the king to send a native messenger along with him in the boat, so that, on the return trip of the ship, another Englishman might be brought to take Mackay's place.

So one day in the summer of 1887, Mackay bade farewell to his Uganda home, and to the great heathen capital and its king, locked up the mission houses, and started for the port.

Good-by gifts were given back and forth between Mwanga, the chiefs, and Mackay; and the Waganda Christians called



to have their last words with the white man. For nine years he had been to some of them a faithful friend and father, and it was hard for them to let him go.

Not long, however, were the persecuted Waganda Christians left alone. The boat that carried Mr. Mackay to the southern end of the lake brought Mr. Gordon, a nephew of Bishop Hannington, to take his place. Mr. Gordon was soon joined by Mr. Walker, and these two brave men persistently kept the work moving forward.

Within about a year's time two revolutions occurred in Uganda. Mwanga's cruelties grew so loathsome to his subjects that even they arose in a body and dethroned him, placing his brother, Kalema, on the throne in his stead. Under the new monarch, Roman Catholic and Protestant Christians were given the chief offices of the kingdom, and, for a while, "readers" flocked to the mission like "swarms of bees." The jealousy of the Arabs, however, was not long in being stirred. After a second revolution, a new king was put on the throne and the important chieftainships given to Mohammedans.

For six days both the French and English missionaries were imprisoned in a filthy hut within the king's inclosure. The furious Mohammedan mob robbed the Protestant mission of every article of furniture, beds, tables, chairs, bookcases, boxes, everything. "Every book was torn to bits," and every bottle of medicine was smashed or emptied of its contents. Doors were wrenched from their hinges and carried away, and the mission house left a desolate wreck.

The French priests and Protestant missionaries were together put on board the white man's ship, no food, almost no clothing, and no bedding being allowed for their voyage to the southern end of the lake. Mr. Walker was even robbed of his hat, coat, and trousers before starting, and the only two books he had saved, his New Testament and prayer-book, were snatched from him and thrown into the lake.

"The captain carried us on board," wrote Mr. Gordon, "and we heard the voice of the officer behind us. He was giving us Uganda's parting message. 'Let no white man come to Uganda for the space of two years. We do not want to see Mackay's boat in Uganda waters for a long time to come. We do not want to see a white teacher back again in

Uganda until we have converted the whole of Uganda to the Mohammedan faith.' ”

While revolutions and fanatical outbursts were taking place in Uganda, Mackay was beginning missionary work at Usambiro, near the southern shore of Victoria Lake.

About seventy miles to the eastward, a wretched fugitive, having escaped from Uganda in a canoe with perhaps half a dozen companions, was the cruel, despised Mwanga. Regardless of the unspeakable wrongs this tyrant had committed against him and against so many whom he loved, the earnest, forgiving missionary now wrote and offered the ruined king a refuge with him in Usambiro.

“Murderer and persecutor as he has been,” wrote Mr. Mackay, “I yet have not the faintest doubt that it becomes us to do everything in our power to return him good for evil.”

Some months later Mwanga fled to the Catholic mission, where he was soon baptized. By a third revolution in Uganda, he was later restored to his throne; but Mwanga was as Samson with his hair shorn. He became little more than a puppet in the hands of his chiefs.

In the meantime what was Mackay doing at Usambiro? When the Waganda Christians were exiled from their country, some twenty-five of them fled to Mackay. With their assistance he built a neat five-room house for himself and the two or three other white men who sometimes were with him. Workshops, houses for his boys, buildings for his chickens, goats, and cattle, and a garden where he could raise vegetables were other results of their industry.

Even when driven from Uganda, Mackay did not cease to toil for the land he had long since called his own. He directed his exiled Christians in the use of the printing press, and many pages of Scripture verses, prayers, and hymns from time to time were sent to Uganda.

For years it had been his ambition to build a good steam launch for the use of the missionaries on Victoria Lake. Indeed, on first coming to Africa he brought with him a steam-boiler and engine, but he had never succeeded in gaining Mutesa's or Mwanga's permission to build the boat. Now, at last, he was at work on the task.

In August, 1889, Stanley passed by Mackay's mission and



urged him to return home with him; the Church Missionary Society secretaries, time after time, had invited him to return to England; his friends wrote letters begging him to come home to rest; but the faithful Christian soldier refused until more men were sent to carry on the work.

At last, only a few months later, his summons to rest came from his Lord in heaven. His only white companion in Usambiro, Mr. Deekes, was preparing to return to England because of ill health. The day of his departure came. He and his men had risen early and they were ready to start on the long march to the coast.

But where was Mr. Mackay? Could it be that he was sleeping while the others within the inclosure were up and busy helping the party get a good start before the scorching sun compelled them to halt? Mr. Mackay had worked hard the day before and perhaps he was resting unusually soundly. Expecting to say good-by to his faithful friend, Mr. Deekes entered Mackay's room. When he returned to his men he dismissed them and ordered all preparations for the march to cease, for Mackay was lying on his bed burning with fever.

During the whole day his Waganda boys with solemn, questioning faces flitted quietly about, doing their necessary duties. No doctor was near. Mr. Deekes himself was weak and could do little. The care of the sick missionary was left largely to untrained Waganda Christians, who did the best they knew to cool his fevered brow. During the next four days Mr. Mackay, in his delirium, knew not the loving black nurses who, in their simple way, were doing their utmost to win their beloved teacher back to life. But his spirit would not be detained. His Master called, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and Alexander Mackay was gone.

"I had a coffin made of the wood he had cut for the boat," wrote Mr. Deekes, "and at two o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday I buried him by the side of the late Bishop Parker. The Waganda Christians and the boys of the village stood around the grave, and I began to read the burial service, but broke down with grief and weakness. The boys and Waganda Christians sang the hymn, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' in Luganda, and we returned to the house, never to forget that day."

## LESSON 52

### DID IT PAY ?

Alexander Mackay was only forty-one years of age when he was called to lay aside his life-work. When a young man he need not have heeded Stanley's call from Central Africa and could have remained in merry England.

He might have continued his work in Germany, perhaps coming to be a famous engineer or inventor. Having been offered a position with good opportunities for promotion in the service of the Imperial East Africa Company, he might have become a prosperous business man. General Gordon had wanted him as an important officer in his army in Egypt. Had he accepted the offer he might have ended his life as one of England's well-known commanders. Instead, he died in the prime of life—a missionary in remote Central Africa.

Fourteen years in Africa had brought to Mr. Mackay the knottiest of problems and hardships untold. During all this time luxury was far from him, and often he lacked even what we regard as common comforts. No mother or sister or wife was at his side to brighten his simple home. Late and early he toiled, oftentimes at tasks for which he had no special liking. Many of those whom he had so patiently taught and whom he had come to love as his own brothers he saw sent to cruel torture and death. For months at a time he lived knowing not when a wicked monarch might call for his life.

His has not been the only promising life laid down for Uganda. In 1876 seven others besides Mackay had left their homes in answer to King Mutesa's plea. During the years since then scores of other young men, and even women, just as earnest and devoted to the work and to their Lord as Mackay, have started for the shores of Victoria Lake. Some have died on the way; others have lived for only a short time in the land of their choice; and a few have survived to do many years of patient service. But has it all been worth while? Did it pay?



"In the old days," Mackay tells us, "Mutesa maintained a force of some six thousand men whose sole work was to raid the surrounding countries in order to get slaves to sell to the Arabs." In 1892 forty Christian chiefs signed their names to the following proclamation:

"We, the great chiefs of Uganda, desire to adopt the good custom of freedom, and to abolish slavery absolutely. We hereby agree to untie and to release completely all our slaves. Here are our names as chiefs." Thus forty Christian chiefs without bloodshed accomplished for Uganda what in the United States required a civil war.

It was a letter from a newspaper correspondent, published in the London Telegraph, that first led Christian teachers to give their lives for Uganda. Twenty-nine years later another newspaper correspondent wrote a letter from Uganda's capital, and this was published in the London Times for August 11, 1904. Unlike Stanley, this second newspaper man had in a few days traveled by railroad from the east coast of Africa to Victoria Lake. On board a beautiful modern lake steamer he had sailed to Uganda's port. He found a people governed by a Christian king whose noble prime minister was Apolo Kagwa, once persecuted, and now one of the pillars of the Waganda Christian church. He found a country under the protection of the English crown, ruled by just laws, and a nation wholly without slaves. He found that in the province in which was the capital only a few citizens still brought their offerings to the heathen spirits, and those few seemed half ashamed to be thought of as believers in the wizards. Thousands of people were faithful attendants at the churches which had been built all over the country.

Unlike Mutesa and his court, King Daudi Chwa, and his advisers were no longer afraid of brick and mortar, for above the tops of the banana trees on the highest hill of the new capital city the newspaper man saw the three stately spires of the new Protestant cathedral. Taught by another "engineering missionary," the Waganda themselves had both made the bricks and built this house of worship. For the consecration of this cathedral over five thousand of these once heathen men and women gathered at the capital.

King Daudi Chwa, Apolo Kagwa, the prime minister,

and about fifty missionaries and native pastors from all parts of the kingdom and a vast congregation of thirty-five hundred within the cathedral listened reverently through the entire services.

"The building of the cathedral had involved a considerable drain upon the resources of the people, and there still remained a debt of more than 2,000 rupees (\$650). To meet this was the object of the collection taken up toward the end of the proceedings, and a very interesting part of the ceremony it proved to be. Quite a little army of men were employed going to and fro with large bags and cloths, and they returned again and again to the chancel heavily laden with strings of cowry-shells, besides the more regular coinage introduced with British rule. These were received by the clergy in basin-shaped baskets. Many brought offerings in kind, and the English section of the congregation could not repress their smiles when the first chicken was solemnly carried up the aisle and deposited at the foot of the table, followed almost immediately by a couple of goats which showed a marked objection to being dragged back and removed by a side door. It then appeared that gifts were flowing in, not only from the congregation proper, but from the yet greater crowd which had failed to gain admission and thronged around the building outside. Load after load of offerings came through the doors. Others arrived too late for the occasion, and the amount of the collection went on growing for days afterward. The latest figures I could obtain were as follows: 1,613 rupees (\$538) including about 90,000 shells, and 36 bullocks and cows, 23 goats, 31 fowls, and 154 eggs. The result of this collection more than wiped off the debt on the church."

Another contrast which a quarter of a century brought to Uganda was witnessed July, 1910. The scene was the "dismal swamp" near Mwanga's old capital, where once a murderous mob had mocked and burned the faithful Christian boys. Twenty-five years later a reverent company, representing the seventy thousand Protestant Christians, gathered about the same swamp to witness the unveiling of a silver granite cross to the honor of those boy martyrs.

For many years, off on a small island five hundred miles



east of Zanzibar, the "boy tyrant" who had ordered their death had been held a prisoner. Only a few weeks after the unveiling of the monument his remains, having been brought back to his own country, were interred with Christian rites.

In speaking of the transformation which a few short years has brought to Uganda, Bishop Tucker writes: "As I think of it the vision of one and another rises up before me, living evidences and tokens of the old-time cruelty. Here is a man without lips, without nostrils, without ears, mutilated in the old days. Here is one led of another, blind, his eyes put out in the old days by order of the king. And there, kneeling at the table of the Lord, is one who can only take the consecrated bread between the stumps of his two arms—the hands cut off in the old days by order of the king. Could any facts speak more eloquently of the great change which has come over Uganda in the last fifteen or sixteen years?"

In a large boys' high school in Mengo boys are learning football, agriculture, and cotton ginning, along with the Christian religion. In the girls' high school the daughter of Luba, the murderer of the bishop at "Uganda's back door," is one of the faithful students. At Mengo, Christian boys have regular choir practice in the cathedral and in all the little churches scattered over all the provinces of this wonderful country, Christian boys each Sunday morning beat wooden drums to call the people to worship.

The Waganda themselves have built their own churches and support their own pastors, some of whom have refused chieftainships in order to give themselves to preaching. Yet more, a missionary society has been organized, with headquarters at Mengo, and the Waganda are sending their own workers to other provinces and countries, neighboring on Uganda, where there are yet those who, like Mutesa, were "born blind" and want to be taught how to see.

Was it all worth while? Did it pay? Were the lives wasted or well invested which have made possible such changes in a country once heathen? "Whosoever," said Jesus, "would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it."





